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## TWO THEATRICAL CELEBRATIONS.

## JOHN HARE, COMEDIAN.

That, on the eve of his departure for a professional tour in America and the Colonies, Mr. John Hare should have been entertained at a banquet in London by a distinguished and representative assembly is, of course, only in accordance with the fitness of things. It is our British wont thus to honour and encourage our leading players when for the first time they journey beyond seas in search of further fame and fortune. And, in Mr. John Hare's case, the respect and friendliness thus indicated are, as we all know, especially well-deserved. Mr. Hare has an admirable record. He has been before the London public for just thirty years, and, during that long period, has been held in the highest esteem both as artist and as citizen.

He seems to have been an artist from the beginning. When, a young man of twenty, and a pupil of Leigh Murray, he went to Liverpool in 1863, or thereabouts, to be a member of the stock company at Mr. Alexander Henderson's theatre, he had, for one of his colleagues, Mr. S. B. Bancroft, who has put on record his impressions of some of Mr. Hare's early histrionic efforts. Mr. Hare, he tells us, played, among other things, Dr. Pinch in "The Comedy of Errors," and made of him "a very quaint figure." In "The Courier of Lyons," he "gave the first sign of his power in the art of 'making-up' in a small part of a very old man"; and in a skit on the performances of the Davenport Brothers he was "marvellously made-up" to resemble one of the conjurers. Happily, he was seen in some of his rôles not only by the local public, but by Miss Marie Wilton, afterwards to be Mrs. S. B. Bancroft, who was about to begin her career as manageress at the London Prince of Wales's, and who during a "starring" stay at Liverpool engaged both Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Hare for her metropolitan enterprise.

We all know what happened. On Sept. 25, 1865, Mr. Hare made his first bow to a London audience as the landlord, Short, in "Naval Engagements." In a part of that sort he could scarcely be expected to excite much attention. Very different was it, however, when on the 11th of November following he "created" the rôle of Lord Ptarmigan in T. W. Robertson's "Society." From that moment the die was cast. The actor was at once recognised as a histrionic Meissonier. The impersonation was polished to the finger-tips; it was a miniature masterpiece. To an artist of Mr. Hare's peculiarsensibility, it must have been trying to have to appear in the ensuing Christmas as Zerlina in Byron's "Little Don Giovanni." This, they say, was the first, as it was certainly the last, occasion on which Mr. Hare assumed petticoats on the stage. "Little Don Giovanni" was the last burlesque produced by Mrs. Bancroft, and thereafter Mr. Hare had nothing but congenial work to do—Prince Perovsky in "Ours," Sam Gerridge in "Caste," Bruce Fanqueliere in "Play," Ezra Stead in "Tame Cats," Beau Farintosh in "School," Dunscombe Dunscombe in "M.P.," Sir John Vesey in "Money" (revived), Sir Patrick Lundie in "Man and Wife," Sir Peter Teazle, and, I may add, Sir Harcourt Courtley, at a special *matinée* given by himself at the Princess's. Ezra Stead was a returned convict—"a shabby and disreputable creature"; and Mrs. Bancroft has related how Mr. Hare, in order to "look the part" thoroughly, purchased from a man in a back street "a very odd-looking hat," and "some horrible rags of garments, which had to be well baked in an oven before they could be worn."

The impersonations above named settled definitely Mr. Hare's position as an artist. They proved that he could impart to his performances not only polish but breadth—that they were triumphs not merely of costume and "make-up," of tone and gesture, but of insight and sympathy, of heart and brain. From this point (1874-5) he was destined to be theatrical manager as well as actor; but throughout a managerial career of twenty years' duration he has never been known to choose for production what was a "star" piece and nothing more. He ruled at the Court Theatre from March 1875 to July 1879, and during all that time played not so much second as third or fourth fiddle, conceding the most showy parts to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Anson, and so forth. In "Broken Hearts" and "Olivia," which he was the first to produce, he did not appear at all. In "A Scrap of Paper" he enacted the boy Archie; in "Lady Flora," "A Nine Days' Wonder," "Brothers," "New Men and Old Acres," "The House of Darnley," and "The Ladies' Battle," he played comparatively subordinate parts. Even in "The Queen's Shilling" he chose a rôle secondary in interest to those of the young lovers. Only in "A Quiet Rubber"—a short one-act piece—did he take the lead, and in that he excelled himself. All good judges rank his Lord Kilclare among the most consummate of his achievements.

In the management of the St. James's Theatre, from October 1879 to July 1888, he was associated, as everybody knows, with Mr. Kendal. In the course of that period he "created" the Duc de Richelieu in Mr. Prinsep's piece, the Admiral in Mr. Wills's "William and Susan," Baron Croodle in "The Money-Spinner," Critchell in Mr. Godfrey's "Coralie," Rev. Paul Dörner in "The Squire," the old planter in "Young Folks' Ways," Nicholas Barrable in Mr. Pinero's "Mayfair," the General in "Antoinette Rigaud," Mr. Drake in "A Wife's Sacrifice," and Spencer Jermyn in "The Hobby Horse," besides figuring as Potter in "Still Waters," Damas in "The Lady of Lyons," Mountraffe in "Home," and Touchstone. Here, again, there were productions, such as "Lady Clancarty," in which he did not take a part. He was satisfied with the *kudos* which he received for such first-rate art as the Spencer Jermyn, the Nicholas Barrable, and the Baron Croodle, and for the general excellence of the stage-management.

Once, and once only, did Mr. Hare condescend to farce, and that was when he played Jack Pontifex at the Court in 1888, and a very agreeable performance it was. In April, 1889, he assumed the sole management of the new Garrick Theatre, which he conducted throughout with courage and enterprise. It required courage to produce such pieces as "The Profligate," "An Old Jew," "Mrs. Lessingham," "Slaves of the Ring," and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." We owe to him also "A Pair of Spectacles," "Lady Bountiful," "Robin Goodfellow," and the revivals of "A Fool's Paradise," "Money," and "Diplomacy." As Lord Dangars, the Duke of St. Olpherts, Benjamin Goldfinch (his *chef d'œuvre*, I think), Roderick Heron, Sir Peter Lund, and Henry Beauchere, he did some of his very finest work; moreover, he brought Mrs. Bancroft back to the stage, and gave opportunities, on the one hand, to Mr. Pinero, Mr. Grundy, and "George Fleming," and, on the other, to Mr. Forbes Robertson, Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Robins, Miss Nethersole, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell—all of which should also be accounted to him for righteousness.

He is now going to other continents, to show them what can be done by the very ablest of our histrionic "old men." He will appear, it is believed, as Lord Kilclare, as Benjamin Goldfinch, and as Lord St. Olpherts—all of them studies of senility, but all of them differentiated with that acuteness of observation and that skill of method which have all along rendered Mr. Hare one of the most varied as well as most accomplished of actors.

W. D. A.

## MRS. KEELEY'S NINETIETH BIRTHDAY.

The celebration of Mrs. Keeley's ninetieth birthday at the Lyceum on Friday was one of the most remarkable occasions in modern theatrical history. For hours before the doors opened the streets at the entrances were crowded with people, many of whom could hope for nothing but a glance at the veteran as she passed from her carriage into the theatre. Vehicles bearing wreaths and floral devices—one of them consisting of purple-and-white flowers, with a golden cage in which there was a live canary—drove up to the stage-door all the morning. The first item in the programme consisted of a medley ranging from Miss Letty Lind's singing of the little "Tom Tit" to the second act of "Trilby," and the balcony-scene from "Romeo and Juliet," played by Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The curtain then fell, and when it rose again the stage was found to be crowded with the lights of the theatrical profession, old and new—from Mr. James Doel, who is probably the oldest living male actor, down to the youngest of our players. Mrs. John Wood and Mrs. Keeley, who wore a ruby-coloured velvet gown with lace cuffs, flanked the pile of magnificent bouquets sent to the old lady. Mrs. John Wood then delivered a charming little speech, and Mrs. Keeley replied, speaking with perfect clearness and distinctness. "It seems only yesterday," she said at one point, "and yet it is seventy years ago since I stood on this stage a trembling novice, waiting the verdict of a London audience." At the close of the speech, the house cheered and cheered again, and Mr. Hayden Coffin struck up "Auld Lang Syne," the chorus being sung by those on the stage with great emphasis; then Mr. Forbes Robertson led her to the curtain, after which a way was made for her in the crowd, and she retired. The programme was then renewed, Mr. Charles Wyndham appearing in the first act of "The Squire of Dames," Mr. Arthur Roberts and Miss Kitty Loftus in "Gentleman Joe," and Mr. Alexander in the third act of "Liberty Hall." Among Mrs. Keeley's presents were sketches and pictures by Sir Frederic Leighton, Professor Herkomer, Mr. H. Stacy Marks, Mr. Briton Rivière, only to name a few artists. There was an illuminated address sent by Sir Henry Irving from New York, and the magnificent illuminated album, bound by Zaehnsdorf.

## THE BULL-BITCH CHAMPION CIGARETTE.

The champion bull-bitch Cigarette has a reputation as prize-winner well known by all who love a dog. Whelped in 1889, she has swept the board of all the prizes she has been entered to compete for, so that, at the show held by the Bulldog Club at the Royal Aquarium in June, where she carried off the Championship and the Club's Fifty Guinea Challenge Cup, for the ninth time in each case, her total winnings amounted to no less than 102 first prizes. Her record has never been beaten by any bull-bitch, dead or alive, and, seeing that she has been shown all over the kingdom, as well as abroad, her owner, Mr. Edgar Farman, is naturally proud of the fact that no other kennel has been able to produce a bitch capable of lowering Cigarette's colours. Cigarette's pedigree is of the first water. She was got by Mr. Sprague's famous Don Pedro, and her dam was Mr. Edgar Farman's Champion, Ruling Passion, another great prize-winner. Large sums of money have been offered to her owner for the bitch, but refused. Her brother was sold, to go to America, some time since, for no less than two hundred pounds. Like most of her species, Cigarette is not vicious; on the contrary, she is quite docile, but, when roused, she is certainly best admired from a distance, as she then resembles her bull-baiting ancestors, to whom her pedigree can be traced. One thing she could not stand, and that was the sight of her mother, Ruling Passion. Whether the cause were some family feud or her ugly face, or a fear of being beaten on the show-bench, it is hard to say; but the fact remains that Cigarette's lifelong ambition was to exterminate her dam, a feeling which was, up to the day of the latter's death, reciprocated with interest.



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Perhaps; and one may draw a cheque or bill;  
Lawyers may draw indictment, deed, or will,  
A barmaid draw a glass or draw a cork,  
And guests draw round to ply a knife and fork.  
Counsel may draw a witness—'tis the law;  
The soldier needs no horse, he may just draw.  
Dentists may draw you to a private room,  
There draw the molar that you suffer from.  
Orpheus, 'tis said, drew stone, and tree, and flood;  
Poets sometimes draw tears, and surgeons blood.  
Parsons draw lessons on the day of rest,  
And infants draw refreshment from the breast.  
Poulterers draw chickens, plump, and round, and fair,  
And Milton writes of "Where I first drew air."  
You may draw in, draw off, draw to an end,  
Draw out, draw up, draw near, draw on a friend;  
May draw a curtain, if you'd private be,  
Draw feet of water, if a ship at sea.  
That all these draws will make a sad confusion  
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## THE SAD END OF THE DACRES.

The tragic end of Mr. Arthur Dacre and his wife, Miss Amy Roselle, in Sydney, has sent a thrill of horror throughout the theatrical world such as has not been experienced for many a long day. Dacre, whose real name was Arthur Culver James, was a doctor by profession, having taken his degree at Aberdeen University twenty-one years ago. As an undergraduate he was an enthusiastic amateur actor, and he finally threw up his profession for the stage in 1878, beginning under Dion Boucicault in America. When he came to this country he played at the Court with Mr. Wilson Barrett, and in "The Old Love and the New" he met Miss Amy Roselle, whom he married in 1884. She was then at her very zenith. The daughter of a schoolmaster in Glastonbury, where she was born in 1854, she played all over the country with her brother Percy in a series of juvenile rôles. When she was fifteen she played Lady Teazle, and while yet in her teens she had become a member of the Haymarket Company. She rose rapidly in her profession, supporting Sothorn in America, Samuel Phelps, William Creswick, the Bancrofts, Mary Anderson, and David James at the Vaudeville, where she appeared as Mary Melrose in "Our Boys." Her husband reached his high-water mark as Jim the Penman at the Haymarket, after which he toured the provinces with his wife in "The Double Marriage," and other pieces. She then understudied Ellen Terry, and made a hit as Esther Sandraz, while her husband figured in "The Royal Oak," at Drury Lane. She afterwards appeared at the Empire, reciting Tennyson's "Rizpah." A disastrous tour in America followed; and then a more disastrous production of a play, "Man and Woman," at the Opéra Comique. Mrs. Dacre created the part of Mrs. Cortelyon in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," while Dacre had a place in "A Life of



THE DACRES AND THEIR CHILD.  
Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

Pleasure." But ill-luck was upon them; they went to Australia in the hope of recouping themselves, and it all ended in the horrible way that everybody knows.

It is late in the day to discuss their gifts. They were very good in emotional parts, and Mrs. Dacre was an admirable elocutionist. She was one of the first to devote talent considered the property of the more serious stage to the music-halls, and her venture met with some success.

The last few years of their lives must have been embittered by failure, and not even the strongest temperament can stand unending disappointment. There is, at first, some difficulty in seeing the causes of the misfortunes that came to the Dacres, but they are not really so far to seek. Mrs. Dacre was a brilliant actress, her répertoire was varied and extensive; she made light of difficulties, and could play tragedy and comedy equally well. Her husband, with fewer histrionic gifts, was none the less a reliable actor, and the pair would act together, and would "star"! For some reason, the public would not accept them in the only position they themselves cared about, and thus trouble came. Mrs. Dacre, without being unduly conceited, was conscious of her gifts; it pained her to see that nothing could secure the highest recognition. In more modest rôles, Mr. and Mrs. Dacre might to-day have been happy and prosperous, but they could not reconcile themselves to the inevitable, and chose rather to endure the hardships of prolonged travel than accept any but leading positions in London. The public liking knows no rules, and is not quick to give talent the exact amount of appreciation deserved; the temperament of an actor or actress is naturally very sensitive. Hence, every petty disappointment became magnified out of proportion, and the greater annoyances became insupportable. It is a very sad case, and there are very many playgoers who will long cherish pleasant memories of the highly gifted, ill-fated couple, who were lovingly united in life and undivided in death.



MR. DACRE AS DORIAN CHOLMONDELEY IN "THE ROYAL OAK."  
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MISS AMY ROSELLE AS CYNISCA.  
Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



## SMALL TALK.

The weather had been cold and wintry for more than a fortnight before the Queen left Balmoral; but her Majesty took a daily drive, and she paid all her farewell visits to the tenants on the royal estates and the cottagers at Crathie. The Queen has been in excellent health throughout the autumn, and since her return to Windsor her Majesty has not suffered at all from rheumatism, notwithstanding the damp, cold weather. The Queen will probably go through a course of massage during her approaching residence at Osborne.

The Court will remove from Windsor to Osborne about the 19th or 20th of next month, and before that time all the members of the royal family now in England will have visited her Majesty. Since the return of the Court to Windsor, the Queen has been busily engaged with "affairs." The boxes from Downing Street have been numerous and well filled, and there have also been considerable arrears of private business to get through; among the latter, some troublesome questions which have been awaiting her Majesty's decision for some time. On several days the Queen has been hard at work with Sir Arthur Bigge for many hours at a stretch. The royal drives have, so far, been few and short, but the Queen has visited the Mausoleum at Frogmore several times, and has been out in the private grounds every afternoon.

There has been a good deal of talk of late in Parliamentary circles about the "desire" of the Cabinet that the Queen should open Parliament in person. This "desire" is probably purely imaginary, for there is not the slightest prospect of her Majesty being seen at Westminster in

loudly protest at the triple dipping in holy water, and have to be consoled occasionally, like more ordinary mortals, with a sugary fingertip. Two curious customs are the presentations of a white shirt by the godmother and a golden cross by the godfather. The former is put on the child at baptism as an emblem of purity, and the cross lays its small owner under obligations to wear it during life. "If this cross is not found on the child at death," says the officiating priest, "he shall not have Christian burial, were he the son of a hundred kings." So much for baptism in "Holy Russia."

The Infanta Isabel is devoted to the theatre, and it is to the well-directed enthusiasm of the Queen Regent's sister that an ancient custom has been revived at Madrid lately, that of giving drawing-room representations by the first artists of the day. Last Sunday a delightful surprise awaited her Majesty when, on being invited to some private theatricals in the apartments of the Infanta Isabel, Madame Sarah Bernhardt and La Guerera (her prototype of the Spanish stage) were discovered in the principal parts. The Queen came in a mauve brocade gown, with pearl ornaments, looking very handsome. After the performance, Madame Sarah Bernhardt received a superb example of "Cibara" work from the Infanta Isabel, in the form of an iron casket inlaid with gold. Within the casket lay a bracelet set with large rubies. Each other artist who took part also received valuable gifts. The path of an artist who is commanded by royalty may be described as strewn with jewels.

Since I chronicled the sad news of Captain F. E. Lawrence's death in this column, further particulars have, I hear, arrived from East Africa. It appears that Captain Lawrence was commanding a detachment of Zanzibari soldiers, and was the only white man on the scene of action.

Having taken a native village in the vicinity of Gazi without trouble, the officer saw, just when his followers had piled arms, a certain Arab, whom he was most anxious to capture, in the act of making his escape from the village. Without losing a moment, without waiting to see if he were followed, the gallant officer mounted his horse and started in pursuit. Within a few minutes the soldiers heard a report, but the scene of the tragedy was hidden from their view by trees. Rushing out in the direction of the shot, they found the body of Captain Lawrence dead in the track, shot through the head. It is supposed that the Arab, taking advantage of the cover, had deliberately shot his pursuer. Captain Lawrence's body was then hidden by the native soldiers, and the next day was recovered by a stronger detachment, and was buried with military honours. It is surmised that no further details of the affair are ever likely to come to hand. Captain Lawrence's sad death so soon after his arrival has caused a feeling of great regret in East Africa, as well as among his friends and brother officers at home.

The accompanying illustrations will serve to mark the stages by which our warships in the Mediterranean have approached the neighbourhood of the Turkish capital just as the situation in the Sultan's dominions has grown more serious. In June the fleet left Alexandria, the *Ramiliés* flying

the flag of the Commander-in-Chief and the *Trafalgar* that of the Rear-Admiral, and took up its station outside Beirut, on the Syrian coast. This was the first significant evidence of the belief among the Powers that the situation in the East was beginning to look ugly, and that strong measures might have to be resorted to for the purpose of securing the reforms agreed upon. From Beirut, which is rich in historical remains of Assyrian greatness, the fleet moved northwards, and found plenty of anchorage and shelter in the capacious harbour of Marmaras.

The town is only poorly fortified, and could not offer any serious defence to an enemy of the Turk. Budrun, north of Marmaras, was the next station, and there the British Admiral was able, by his representations to the authorities, to effect the release of several unfortunate and almost hopeless political prisoners from the Castle of St. Peter, in which they were confined loaded with irons. The loss of liberty, however, was their slightest punishment, it appeared, as the absence of sanitary arrangements made their ferocious treatment by their jailers terribly destructive and heart-breaking. Budrun is on the site of the ancient Halicarnassus, and has still many interesting but sadly neglected architectural remains of its former importance. From Budrun the squadron proceeded to Kavala, in European Turkey, just behind the Island of Thasos. Some few miles inland from Kavala is ancient Philippi, with a Roman temple as its only remaining monument. From Kavala, the British admiral steered for Salonica, and arrived in time to see several regiments of Turkish troops embarking for the disturbed districts in Asia Minor. Thus, in the space of a few months, our fleet has got uncomfortably close to Constantinople, and, no doubt, its presence at Salonica gave much emphasis to the warning addressed to the Sultan by Lord Salisbury in his Guildhall speech. Without that display of power, the warning might have passed unheeded, and the Sultan and his advisers might still be shilly-shallying with the ambassadors. But plain speaking, backed up by a strong fleet as argument, has been too much for the Sultan.



SOME OF THE PRISONERS NOW CONFINED IN BUDRUN CASTLE.

February next. There is no reason whatever why the Queen should put herself to much inconvenience in order to open Parliament, and her strength is really not equal to the ceremonial, which is of an exceptionally prolonged and fatiguing nature. It is well known that the last time her Majesty opened Parliament in person she found it very trying indeed, and was unwell for several days afterwards.

During the present residence of the Court at Windsor the Queen intends to give a banquet in honour of the betrothal of Princess Maud of Wales and Prince Charles of Denmark, in the Grand Dining-room, which is very seldom used now. The Dining-room, which is in the private apartments at the north-east corner of the Castle, is visited by all distinguished guests, as the windows command a splendid view, and the room contains one of the Queen's show pieces of plate, the famous punch-bowl which was made for George IV. by Rundell and Bridge at a cost of ten thousand guineas. The suite of Drawing-rooms—the Red, the Green, and the White—are only separated by folding-doors from the Dining-room, and the company always adjourn there after dinner, when her Majesty speaks to each person in turn before retiring to her own private apartments.

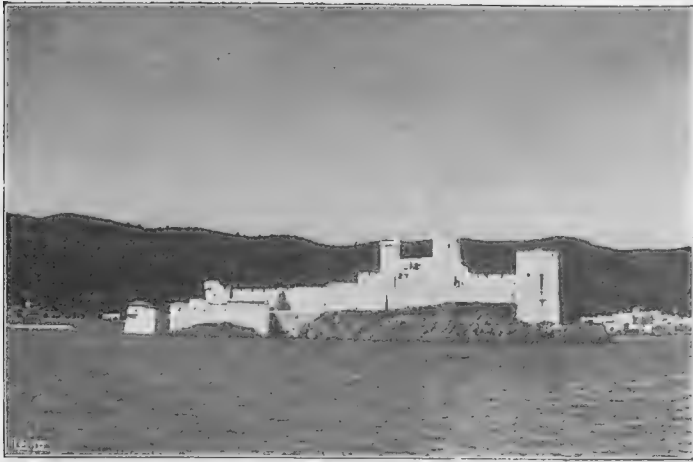
The Dowager Duchess of Newcastle's "Tuesdays in November" have been very successful gatherings. On the 19th an impromptu dance finished the evening very pleasantly, Sir Henry and Lady Bedingfeld, Mr. and the Misses Hussey-Walshe, Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, Lady Vavasour and her pretty daughters, Miss Petre, Lord and Lady William Neville, and others well known in Catholic society being among a very representative group of guests.

The curious forms and ceremonies which surround the christening of a royal infant in Russia would fill a respectably bulky pamphlet, from the time it is borne in state, on a cloth-of-gold covered cushion, to the baptismal font, down to the fanfare of trumpets which proclaims its departure in the newly acquired character of Christian. The royal babies



THE CRISIS IN THE EAST.

*Photographs by Lieutenant Henry W. Simms, R.N.*



CASTLE OF ST. PETER, BUDRUN.



THE TOWN OF MARMARAS.



SYRA HARBOUR.



KAVALA, THE ANCIENT NEAPOLIS OF SCRIPTURE.



REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT DORIC PORTICO AT BUDRUN.



OLD ROMAN TEMPLE AT PHILIPPI.



THE RIVER NAHR EL KELB, NEAR ITS MOUTH.



OLD ROMAN AQUEDUCT AT KAVALA.

Miss Teresa Furtado Clarke, who has just made her début at the St. James's Theatre, is the present scion of a worthy theatrical race, her father having been the late John Clarke, and her mother that charming actress Miss Furtado. She was born in Mornington Road, Regent's Park, in 1873, but before she was six years of age she had lost both her



MISS FURTADO CLARKE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

latter Mary Melrose when they gave "Our Boys" at the Avenue. Mr. Alexander is her first professional manager, and she is extremely grateful for his kindness and friendly advice, which have given her the impetus and encouragement so necessary and helpful to a beginner.

It was currently rumoured last week that Mdlle. Yvette Guilbert had made a million francs on the Bourse during the universal gold craze which bit Paris so badly, from *concierge* to *conseiller* of grave estate. As usual, however, rumour outran itself—the exact sum which this fair singer has gained by her speculations being some six thousand pounds: not an inconsiderable sum either, but, then, not quite a million francs. Meanwhile, the singing of a certain order of *chansonnettes*, as youth can alone deliver them, does not seem wanting in results, to judge from the fortune of eighty thousand pounds which its owner frankly declares she has earned in five years. A charming flat in the Avenue de Villiers, crammed full of priceless art treasures, is supplemented by a country house outside Paris, "La Rive," which many a "legitimate" prima donna might envy. New York "dudes" are looking forward with interest, not to say yearning, to Mdlle. Guilbert's advent early in December, five thousand pounds for one month's singing service being the official recognition mutually arrived at. By the way, Yvette says we are "prudish" in England, and yet we actually laughed at the "Soûlarde." I can even remember the accent with which she emphasised—

On n'lui connaît aucun parent  
A Clichy, pour cent francs par an,  
A couch' parterr' dans un' mansarde,  
La soûlarde!

and how every lady laughed in the wrong places who didn't understand.

It is a matter for regret that the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts have not been attended as they deserve during the present season. I have already sounded a note of warning in these columns, and pointed out that the undertaking of the company requires a large amount of public support, and that without that support the concerts may become a thing of the past. There has been a fair attendance at every performance, but this is not enough. The competition of Sunday music in the Metropolis may have affected the Palace, but amateurs should recollect that it is to Sydenham that we owe the possibility of Sunday concerts. Without the help of the Crystal Palace Orchestra, there are thousands of people who would never have been able to appreciate the music of the great composers. The average mortal starts his musical career in a condition that would lead him to prefer a comic opera to the Pastoral Symphony, and Waldteufel to Chopin. If those who owe a cultured taste to the veteran August Manns and his splendid orchestra would give their regular support to the famous Saturday Series, Mr. Henshaw Russell would be compelled to increase the size of the concert-room to the fullest possible extent. The first half of the series does not end until Saturday fortnight, so there is yet time for the many who have been remiss in their attentions hitherto. By the way, the ordinary daily programme of the Crystal Palace has been augmented by a free variety entertainment.

It was at one of the recent Saturday Concerts given at the Palace that a rather funny thing occurred. The last item on the programme was the popular "Invitation to the Waltz" of Weber, written originally for the pianoforte and arranged by Berlioz for the full band. There is a pause after the completion of almost the last passage, and then a few bars in different tempo bring the piece to a close. Of course, many people are not familiar with the score, or have trains to catch. On the afternoon I write about, as soon as the pause came, hundreds of people rose in their seats to go away; there was an indignant "Hush!" from the *cognoscenti*, and the over-hasty ones returned to their seats, blushing vigorously. I recollect being caught over the same passage in the same concert-room a couple of years ago, when sitting in about the third row of the stalls, among people who knew the "Invitation" by heart. It was an extremely unpleasant moment. Moreover, I had been sitting with a critic who is a Wagner enthusiast, and had been endeavouring to discount some of his rhapsodies. When this little incident occurred, he said kindly, "You should really study Wagner's operatic plan more carefully; and you might give some attention to other composers—Weber, for example." The recollection of my mishap made me very delighted to see so many others caught in the same way.

The performance of Purcell's opera, "Dido and Æneas," at the Lyceum, by the pupils of the Royal College of Music, on Wednesday, was one of the most appropriate musical celebrations that ever took place in England. The day was the two hundredth anniversary of the death of our greatest English composer. It was in 1680 that Purcell, then a youth of two-and-twenty, composed "Dido and Æneas," which is the first English opera ever produced. Purcell, though organist at Westminster Abbey, was intimately connected with the theatre, and thus his death was celebrated by performances of his anthems at the Abbey and of his opera at the Lyceum. It is a quaint tablet they have given him in the Abbey—

Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq., who left this Life and is gone to that Blessed Place where only his Harmony can be exceeded. Obijt 21mo die Novembris, Anno Ætatis suæ 37mo, Annoq Domini 1695.

Perhaps his successors could not follow quite in his footsteps; and yet—

Here lies—the tablet sings the praise,  
In quaintly fashioned word and phrase,  
Of Henry Purcell, Prince of Song;  
Ah! why would not old Time prolong  
The great musician's glorious days?

His grand *Te Deum* thrills and sways,  
His gorgeous anthems ever raise  
The heart: you read above the throng,  
Here lies.

A roysterer he, he loved the ways  
Of tavern lads. And Shakspeare's plays  
He dowered with music rich and strong;  
He served the Priest, and saw no wrong  
In serving Player. Crowned with bays,  
Here lies.

Mr. Vincent Sternroyd, who is appearing as the gallant young lieutenant in "The Swordsman's Daughter" at the Adelphi, gained his early experience in this country, though he has long been in America.

He supported Mr. George Rignold in "Amos Clarke," and once figured at the Gaiety as Romeo. His performance of Herbert in "Young Mrs. Winthrop" gained him an engagement at the Lyceum, New York. He has toured with Modjeska, Mansfield, Mrs. Potter, and other "stars," and has an extensive repertoire. He makes an excellent appearance at the Adelphi.

Mr. Henry Edlin, the librettist of the so-called operatic trifle, "Giddy Galatea," which has been produced as a first piece at the Duke of York's Theatre, is a man of considerable versatility. Besides being a comedian popular in the provinces, Mr. Edlin wields a facile pen, which he employs in song-writing and in his contributions to various papers. He has also lately collaborated pseudonymously with Mr. Charles L. Carson, the editor of the *Stage*, in a clever shilling scientific romance with the aptly alliterative title "The Azrael of Anarchy."



MR. VINCENT STERNROYD.

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

"Les Cloches de Corneville" hasn't had its death-knell rung yet by any means. Its popularity is boundless. In the end of September it was played by the Garrick Club of Poona before the Government House



Photo by F. P. Stewart.

party and the Staff, and played well. Mr. Stuart, of the 4th Bombay Rifles, was Gobo; Colonel Prideaux, the Baillie; Mr. Bell, R.A., the Marquis; Mr. Williams, the miser; Mrs. Foster, Germaine; and Miss Fletcher, Serpolette.

The D Troop of the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry (Duke of Cambridge's Hussars) gave the first of the season's reunions, a most enjoyable dance at the St. James's Hall, on Wednesday. About one hundred and sixty were present, and dancing was vigorously kept up till midnight, to the strains of the regimental band. Captain Duncan brought a party of ladies and gentlemen, including his energetic subalterns, Lieutenants Edwards and Langman. During the winter two more dances and two smoking-concerts will be held. These entertainments have greatly helped the efforts of Captain Duncan to promote the efficiency and excellent *bon camaraderie* which now exist in D Troop, and which render it the strongest and most efficient in this particularly smart Yeomanry regiment. There are still a few vacancies to be filled in order to complete the full strength, and gentlemen wishing to join D Troop should apply without delay to either Captain Duncan, 6, Harley Street; Lieutenant A. Langman, 6, Stanhope Terrace, Hyde Park, W.; Sergeant Miller, 9, Pont Street, S.W.; Sergeant Gill, 104, Upper Tulse Hill, S.W.; Rough-Riding Sergeant-Major Coutts, 12, Idol Lane, E.C.; or to Staff-Sergeant-Major F. Langley, 1, Cathcart Road, Fulham Road, S.W., who will supply all particulars. We may say that a free kit is now given to every recruit, and the annual expense does not exceed fifteen pounds.

What next in the way of New Womanishness? A correspondent writes me: "Strolling around Tweed and Till-side with a camera during the summer, I was surprised, on reaching Etal-on-Till, to find a young lady to be the 'ferryman.'" I was told that, after the appointment of



Photo by T. E. Maw.

the "new woman" (she succeeded her father), there was a sudden increase in the number of young swains anxious to cross the river, only to return very soon."

With reference to the talked-of revival of "Othello" at the Lyceum before the expiration of Mr. Forbes Robertson's tenancy, it is by no means so certain as seems to be assumed that Mrs. Patrick Campbell would play Desdemona. She might possibly be engaged elsewhere at the time. Even if Mr. Forbes Robertson should decide to appear as Othello himself, it would be extremely interesting if he could induce Mr. Wilson Barrett also to give Londoners an opportunity of seeing his much-praised impersonation of the noble Moor. Nay, even Mr. Robertson and Mr. Barrett might alternate the parts of Othello and Iago, after the manner of Henry Irving and Edwin Booth on the famous revival at the Wellington Street house in May 1881. I think my suggestion would be worth following.

"The Broken Melody," with which Mr. Van Biene has been touring in the provinces, has now been played by him more than eight hundred times. As a play it won't take the first rank, but Mr. Van Biene's wonderful playing of the 'cello (round which the play has been practically



MR. VAN BIENE.

Photo by Kilpatrick, Belfast.

written) is something to remember. Born in Rotterdam; he came to this country so long ago as 1867, and went through a period of poverty which drove him into the street to earn a livelihood with the instrument of which he is such a master. In course of time, however, he made his way and saved enough money to purchase for the provinces the acting rights of "Falka," which had an enormous run, and of "Pepita," and later he produced in the country a Gaiety burlesque of the type of "Faust Up to Date." The beautiful air which he plays in "A Broken Melody" is, I believe, of his own composition. By the way, he speaks five languages. Since this photograph was taken he has had his moustache shaved off.

The late Sir George Elliot—who has, in one contemporary, at least, been inexcusably confounded with his more celebrated father, the quondam pit-boy—was a large owner of property in Whitby, including the popular West Cliff Saloon. He kept a house at Whitby, and lived there a large part of the year. He will be greatly missed in that North Yorkshire sea-coast town, where he and the members of his family used to form a much-esteemed group on the Spa.

The Old Lyric Club, which formerly gained a well-deserved reputation for its dainty dinners and suppers and smart entertainments, will assuredly have no cause to blush for its godchild, the New Lyric, judging by the elegant appearance it presents on starting on its future career. The upholsterer's and the decorator's arts have seldom been put to better use, while the vinous and gastronomic tastes of the club members will evidently be the first care of the committee, whose aim especially is to establish a supper-club *sans reproche*.

I hear that a patent has been applied for for a bicycle-lawn-mower. The back wheel is similar to that of the ordinary bicycle, but in place of the front wheel is a lawn-mower, fitted with pneumatic tyres.



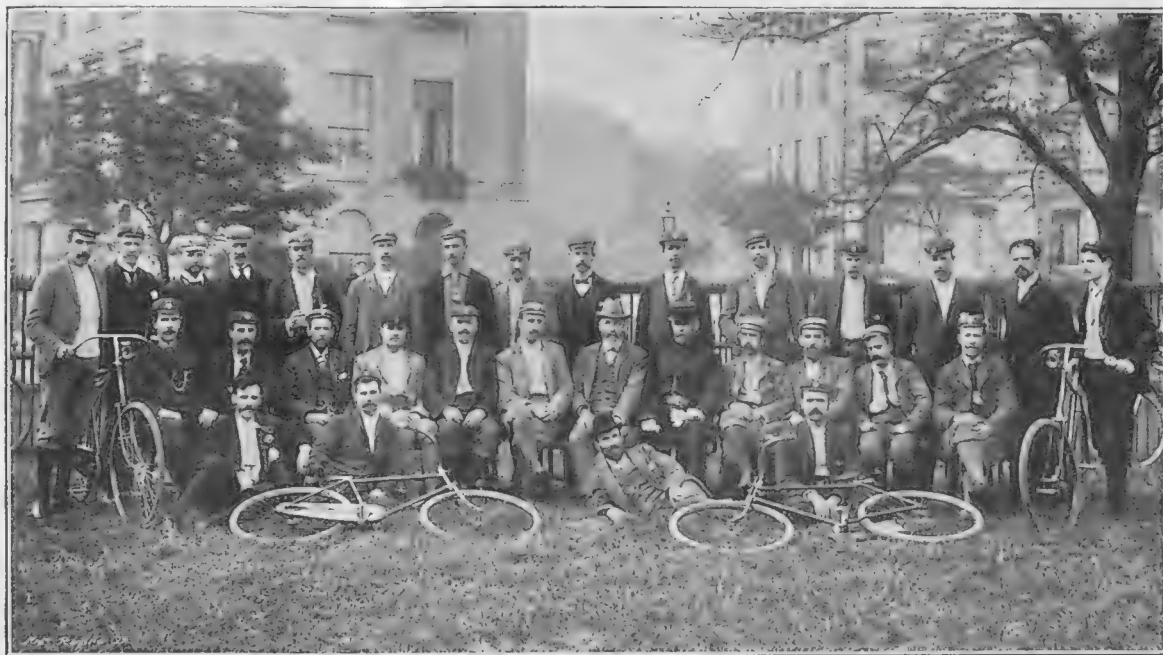
Since writing my paragraph with regard to the Shakspeare mangling at the Lyceum, I have again visited the theatre myself, and found that my friends were perfectly right as to the hacking I referred to. Scene 2 of Act III. has vanished, leaving not a wreck behind. The consequences are serious to playgoers who have, or who have not, seen "Romeo and Juliet." To those who are familiar with the tragedy it must be appalling to discover that one of the finest scenes in the play, and one so very important, is ruthlessly chopped out; while those who have never seen it may well be puzzled at finding the playful girl of Scene 5 of Act II. changed to the tragic woman of Scene 5 of Act III., without that link which should connect the two, that key to the mystery of the transformation which has been so wilfully mislaid. If, however, Mr. Forbes Robertson sins as manager, he atones as actor. His Romeo has wonderfully improved, and though there is, in the earlier scenes, too much of sadness and too little of passion in his assumption, yet the duel with Tybalt, and its altogether admirable finale, and the excellently conceived death-scene, carried out with so much dignity and pathos, would, even, if there were not much more to commend it, make the performance a very remarkable one. It is said that Mr. Forbes Robertson will produce "Othello" before his tenancy of the Lyceum expires, that he "has prepared a special version, and has some new views on the subject of Desdemona - smothering." Perhaps he intends to smother that hapless lady in the *first* instead of the *last* act, with the somewhat Irish notion of obviating the necessity of cutting any important parts of the play that present difficulties too great for his leading lady to encounter.

"The Hub of the Universe" is preparing to rival "the Empire City" in the warmth of its welcome to "The Prisoner of Zenda." So much interest is being felt in Boston in the visit of Mr. E. H. Sothorn that the engagement is to be transferred from the Hollis Street Theatre to the Museum, where a six weeks' run has been arranged for.

I looked in at the Alhambra the other night, and found an excellent show, notably, a high-wire act by Mdle. Virginia Aragon. A very handsome Spaniard with coal-black tresses, she does her work with great neatness. The best thing she does is to kneel on the wire, and, leaning forward, pick up with her teeth, from between her knees, a handkerchief. Then she swings on the wire, balancing herself with one foot only. Altogether, she is the smartest wire-walker I've seen for many a day. Her sister, by the way, is a trapezist, and figured at the Empire not long ago. "The Gathering of the Clans" is excellent. I believe that

the reel of Tulloch, and other Scots tit-bits, are to be introduced into it on St. Andrew's Night, when there will be an enthusiastic audience.

Miss Loie Fuller—or, to adopt her view, La Loie Fuller—has come back to London once more to essay the conquest of the difficult town with her serpentine. The Palace Theatre has her as an addition to its



METROPOLITAN POLICE, "D" DIVISION, CYCLING CLUB.

Photo by Upton and Connolly, Paddington Street, Baker Street, W.

very strong programme, and she follows Miss Lottie Collins. I think I would sooner write about Lottie than La Loie, for really Miss Collins is becoming a remarkable artist, and sings and says her song, "It was just on the tip of my tongue," with a skill and finish that it would be hard to match in London. La Loie has invented some new light effects, and taken out letters patent for them—or, to be more accurate, a patent, since an illiterate statute has cut down the *literæ patentes* to mere "patent." Some of the new effects are lovely. By means of a vertical shaft of light falling upon the mirror on which the performer poses, rays of intense power and vividness can be cast on the costumes, and there are studies of light and colour that prove delightful.

Of course, dancing is an ill-chosen term for the serpentine, and as dancer there is no merit in the work of La Loie. By-the-by, if she has grown so French, why does she not correct the programme, and see that "Firmement" is not written when "Firmament" is meant? Of the so-called dances, the first, "La Nuit," and third, "Le Firmament," are the best. In the former the effect, when the performer was hidden, and one saw only the silver light on the floating black gauze, was exquisite. It is a pity that Miss Fuller has no friend to tell her that some of her

movements are ridiculous. When she gallops round, beating her feet rapidly so as to raise the drapery, she is utterly comic. After all, though the affair is very pretty, and well deserves to be seen, I fear that La Loie will not turn our heads as effectively as she turns her apparatus, and that London will not be as crazy as Paris.

Cycling has proved a great boon to policemen. The "D" Division has formed a club, with the hearty encouragement of Superintendent Sheppard. The members have a weekly "run" into the country, where some quiet inn finds the benefit brought by the demands of a healthy appetite. Civilian honorary members can testify to the sociability and good-fellowship that exists in this club.

They have a summary way of dealing with cyclists in San Francisco. I learn that the policemen in Golden Gate Park are experts with the lariat, and, if any "scorcher" violates the rules, he is promptly lassoed, just for all the world as though he were a runaway horse. I may be bigoted, but I am glad I do not live in America.



MDLLE. VIRGINIA ARAGON, AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

While so much is being said at present about the Royal Naval Reserve, these few snap-shots will show that there are opportunities abroad, as well as at home, for the officers to keep up their acquaintance with their drill, but we are sorry to hear that very few of them availed themselves of the chance, on account, it is said, of the difficulty of getting away from their own ships and work. On the other hand, the officers of the Royal Indian Marine have lately been putting in a large amount of

To her the ventriloquist was a murderer, his becloaked images victims. So when he got out she did ditto, and watched him disappear in a shrubbery which surrounds my friend's lawn, where she imagined he was about to bury these evidences of his guilt. Home she went, and all the evening through she badgered her husband to take steps to arrest the murderer, till he, poor man, wishing, probably, to obtain a night's rest, went off to the police station, told his wife's tale, and eventually arrived



LASCARS PREPARING FOR CAVALRY.

excellent work, and even the Lascar sailors, it appears, have not been behind. Our illustrations are peeps into the corners of the drill-shed of H.M.S. *Magdala*, while laid up during the late monsoon in the Prince's Dock, Bombay. The *Magdala* (Captain Goodridge, R.N.) is the senior officer's ship of Her Majesty's ships and vessels for the naval defence of India, and, with her sister ship the *Abyssinia*, the torpedo gunboats *Assaye* and *Plassy*, and seven first-class torpedo-boats, manned by a certain number of officers and men of the Royal Navy, augmented by officers of the Royal Indian Marine and Lascars, should, if Bombay were ever attacked, be able to give a good account of themselves.

Those who left Bombay twenty years ago would be surprised, if they returned now, to find the immense strides that have been made in the defences of what is now the most important business centre in the East. The heavy batteries in the harbour and along the foreshore have all been armed with the latest breech-loading guns, and powerful batteries have been erected in commanding positions at Malabar Point, Mahluxmee, and Colaba Point. When one adds to this the Naval Defence Squadron above referred to, and the submarine-mining establishment on Butcher's Island, one would be inclined to think that, from the sea, Bombay was safe from attack. The idea of the Government is to make Bombay more



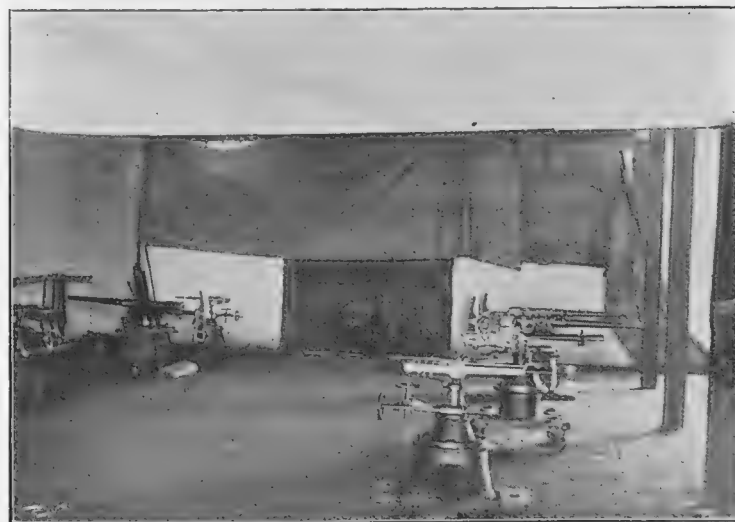
ROYAL INDIAN MARINE OFFICERS AT 9-POUND FIELD-GUN.

at my friend's front door with a constable just after the "barty" had broken up, and the ventriloquist and his images had departed. My friend was somewhat startled to learn that someone had been burying children in his garden, but, after a little while, he guessed the origin of the story, and, by a statement of the plain fact, as he thought, at once dispelled the absurdity. So persuaded, however, had the husband and the constable become that there was something in it, that they declined to go without searching the garden. My friend, feeling certain of the result, went indoors, and left them pottering about, which, I believe, they continued to do for a considerable time, and, of course, without result.

The following advertisement, culled from a recent edition of the *Church Times*, gives rise to various curious speculations—

**PRIEST** requires Lady Companion for wife. Small tuition for little girl in lieu of comfortable home. Music indispensable.—Clericus, The Hermitage, Halsall, Ormskirk.

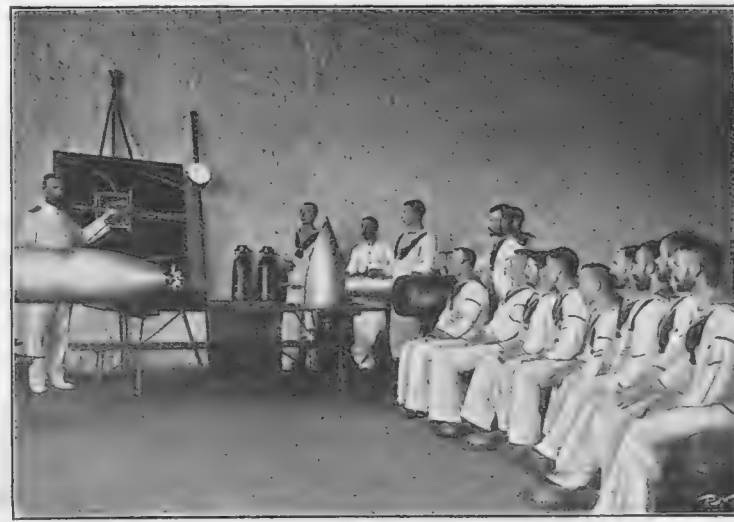
Is the advertising priest, like the late Mr. Celebs, "in search of a wife," or is he already a Benedict whose wife is anxious for a lady companion? If the latter, how much less puzzling if the clergyman's wife had advertised for the companion; if the former, surely



MORRIS TUBE RANGE.

self-reliant in the hour of danger than was the case formerly, as the ships of the East India Squadron, in the event of war, would be fully occupied in keeping open our communications.

Here is a new "Story of a Crime"—the story is true, but the crime was an imaginary one. A friend of mine, who lives in an old-fashioned house in a large garden in the suburbs, like the famous Hans Breitmann, gave a "barty." It was a juvenile "barty" that my friend gave, and among other entertainers hired for the occasion was a ventriloquist, who arrived, with two small images wrapped in cloaks (dumb assistants in his show), by a harmless, necessary tram-car. Now, in this useful vehicle was a woman, and, strange to relate, she was of a curious turn of mind: her imagination also was more matured than her judgment.



LECTURE ON THE WHITEHEAD TORPEDO.

the priest should have sent his advertisement to the *Matrimonial News*? Then who is the little girl who requires "small tuition"? A very funny expression this. Small-clothes we know, and small-beer, likewise small potatoes, and, in other days, the small-sword, but of "small tuition" I confess I have never heard, perhaps a proof that my own was small. Then it seems odd that this "small tuition" is "in lieu" of a comfortable home. What is the meaning of this? Is the little girl to have her "small tuition" *al fresco*, and is this food for the mind to take the place of ordinary creature comforts? Tuition to be given in exchange for comfortable home is not an unusual proposition, but, in place of it, this is really putting too high a value on education! Why, too, should music be indispensable? Perhaps some of my readers can explain the mystery of this modern hermitage.

## MISS KATE PHILLIPS.

"Come and bring your chair nearer the fire," said Miss Phillips to me (writes a *Sketch* representative), the other day, when everything outside was looking cold and cheerless—the effect of a dull, foggy, November evening. But the good old-fashioned fire that was blazing in her dainty and delightfully cosy drawing-room bade defiance to the most spiteful moods of this truly treacherous climate. Over afternoon tea and scones—for both of which I confess an especial weakness—you may imagine we



MISS KATE PHILLIPS AS DOT IN "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."

Photo by Robinson, Regent Street, W.

soon got chatting, our conversation drifting from things in general to things theatrical, and then to Miss Phillips and her own career in particular.

"My father, who lived in Essex, ran through three fortunes, so we youngsters were left to shift for ourselves," said Miss Phillips, with a vigorous poke at the fire that sent a blaze far up into the chimney.

"And so you took to the stage?" I suggested.

"Yes; but not at first. To begin with, I was sent out as a governess—the usual thing in those days. Needless to say, I very soon grew tired of that, and then my thoughts turned to the footlights, for I had, like so many others, made several successes as an amateur."

"I suppose you went on tour?"

"I did; and, after a week or two, got stranded high and dry at Sheffield, so we had to come back to town on the value of our luggage. However, we made a pleasure of necessity, and only looked on the amusing side of the misfortune."

"Not a very encouraging start for a new career?" I remarked.

"Oh! that was not my very first professional engagement. I began by walking on in 'Chilperic,' an opera-bouffe at the Lyceum, for which I received the magnificent salary of nine shillings a-week."

"You have played more soubrettes than anything else, I believe?"

"Soubrettes and light-comedy parts generally. My first attempt in that line was at the Alhambra—which, of course, was a theatre at that time—in a *lever de rideau* called 'My Wife's Out.' I used to sing a song in it, which I always finished up with a 'shake.' Mdlle. D'Anka, one of the great singers of her day, who happened to be playing in the piece which followed, often used to come into the wings to hear me do it—amused, I suppose, at my 'check.' It was a case of 'Fools step in where angels fear to tread,'" said Miss Phillips, with the merry laugh that her audiences know so well. "Anyway, it generally got me an encore. In those days I always used to understudy every part in the piece, on my own account."

"And have you ever been called upon at a very short notice?" I inquired.

"Yes, on two occasions in particular, but they happened much more recently. During the run of 'Our Boys,' Miss Cicely Richards suddenly

fell ill. There was no understudy, and a message came to me at four o'clock in the afternoon to know if I could go on for the part of Belinda that evening, which I did. Another time I was sitting in the stalls at the Vaudeville, watching the performance, when suddenly I was asked to go over to the Strand at once and take up a leading part in a piece called 'Snowball.' I certainly knew something about the part, but was not prepared to be sent on at a minute's notice like that."

"You have never stuck to one theatre in particular—I mean, of course, for any great length of time?"

"No, I have always been rather a wanderer. It was at the Prince of Wales's, in a piece called 'The Unequal Match,' that Mrs. Kendal took a fancy to me, and said that, if ever she had a theatre, she would engage me, which she did. It was at the Opéra Comique that the gas suddenly went out in the middle of the performance. 'Yes,' continued Miss Phillips thoughtfully, "I suppose I have played in nearly every West-End theatre, at one time or another."

"And, after all your varied experiences, what do you think of the stage as a profession?"

"Of course, I am very fond of it," was the reply; "but, if ever I am asked for my advice by anyone who is thinking of taking it up, I always give the same counsel as Mr. Punch gave to those about to marry—'Don't.'"

"Yes," I said; "but you have succeeded yourself. Why——"

"Perhaps so. I know what you are going to say," said Miss Phillips, cutting me short; "but, when I first began, there wasn't a crowd of rich amateurs who take it up not for a living, but for an amusement; besides, it is so precarious, especially early on. I was once out of an engagement as long as fourteen months, which is no joke, I can assure you."

"Are you a martyr to any particular stage superstitions?"

"No, I don't think so, except, perhaps, that I always throw plenty of pins about the floor of my dressing-room on a first night, for luck."

"Rather a dangerous practice, is it not?"

"Well," with a smile, "they always disappear by the next day. Of course, I take care never to pick them up myself; nor do I inquire what has become of them. And I have also a very great weakness for a tiny pair of pearl ear-rings, which I always think bring me good luck. I hardly ever go on without them. I wore them in 'The Chili Widow,' though I put them on the wrong way, so that they did not show, and I am wearing them for Nancy in 'The Manxman.'"

"Then you have left the Royalty?"

"Yes, but only for a time. I am, so to speak, on a loan exhibition: lent by Mr. Bouchier to Messrs. Waller and Morell. There is a part for



AS NERISSA.

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

me in Mr. Zangwill's new play, for which Mr. Bouchier has specially engaged me."

"Having made your name in light comedy, I suppose you have a natural hankering after serious parts?"

"Oh, yes! whenever I am asked to recite I invariably give something





MISS KATE PHILLIPS, NOW APPEARING IN "THE MANXMAN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALERY, REGENT STREET, W.



## MARK TWAIN ON THE PLATFORM.

Unfortunately, perhaps, for himself, but decidedly fortunately for the people who have the pleasure of listening to him, Mark Twain has been dragged out of his American study by pecuniary losses to the footlights of the lecture-platform and the admiring gaze of his multitudinous readers. It is quite twenty years since the author of "Huck Finn" spoke across the footlights, and even at that distant date his lectures were very few in number, so that the people who have seen or heard the humorist in public prior to his present lecturing tour must be very limited indeed. Perhaps it is a good thing that Mark Twain has been compelled to take to lecturing for a time, as it will enable him to visit countries previously unknown to him, and, as he has already promised, result in "Tramp Abroad," Vol. II., being published. In fact, Mark Twain has so arranged his tour that he will not revisit any of the countries which formed such excellent scope for witty observation in his well-known book. Mark Twain placed himself unreservedly under the care of that well-known Colonial lecture-agent, Mr. R. S. Smythe, who has negotiated so many big "stars" through the Colonies. Crossing from San Francisco, the humorist opened his tour in Sydney in the middle of September. His tour, which will last a year, extends over all the Australian Colonies, New Zealand, Mauritius, Ceylon, and South Africa. He had an offer of £2000 for ten lectures in London, but for the present had to refuse it. He will finish his Colonial tour, and get the resultant book off his hands before thinking of a trip to England.

As a lecturer—or rather, story-teller, for the author objects to be called a lecturer—Mark Twain is, and has proved himself to be, in his opening Australian "At Homes," a decided success. Like Charles Dickens, he relies entirely on his old books for the pabulum of his discourses, but, unlike the author of "Pickwick," he does not read long extracts from these books. He takes some of his best stories—"The Jumping Frog," "Huck Finn," the difficulties of the German language, *par exemple*—and re-tells them, with many subtle additions of humour and some fresh observations, in the most irresistibly amusing manner. He is in no sense a disappointment as a humorist. He starts his audience laughing in the very first sentence he utters, and for two hours keeps them in a continual roar. The only serious moments occur when, with the unutterable pathos of which the true humorist alone is capable, he interpolates a few pathetic touches which almost make the tears mingle with the smiles. Every story he tells serves the purpose of illustrating



MARK TWAIN'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

Photo by Falk, Sydney.

a moral, and, although, for the most part, he talks in low, slow, conversational tones, at times he rises to real bursts of eloquence—not the polished, grandiloquent eloquence of the average American speaker, but the eloquence conveyed in simple words and phrases, and prompted by some deep and sincerely felt sentiment. The author has the power of seeming

to jest at his serious side, just as in his books; but there is no mistaking the seriousness with which, for example, he is moved by the remembrance of the iniquities perpetrated on liberty in the old slavery days amid which Huck Finn and Jim the slave lived. He makes the most unexpected anecdotes point the most unexpected morals, but it is the recital of the old, familiar stories without any moral attaching to them which pleases most, coming as they do warm from the brain of the man who invented them.

Mark Twain steals unobtrusively on to the platform, dressed in the regulation evening-clothes, with the trouser-pockets cut high up, into which he occasionally dives both hands. He bows with a quiet dignity to the roaring cheers which greet him at every "At Home." Then with natural, unaffected gesture, and with scarcely any prelude, he gets under weigh with his first story. He is a picturesque figure on the stage. His long, shaggy, white hair surmounts a face full of intellectual fire. The eyes, arched with bushy brows, and which seem to be closed most of the time while he is speaking, flash out now and then from their deep sockets with a genial, kindly, pathetic look, and the face is deeply drawn with the furrows accumulated during an existence of sixty years. He talks in short sentences, with a peculiar smack of the lips at the end of each. His language is just that of his books, full of the quaintest Americanisms, and showing an utter disregard for the polished diction of most lecturers. "It was not" is always "'twarn't" with Mark Twain, and "mighty fine" and "my kingdom" and "they done it" and "caught," and various other purely transatlantic words and phrases, crop up profusely during his talk. He speaks slowly, lazily, and wearily, as of a man dropping off to sleep, rarely raising his voice above a conversational tone; but it has that characteristic nasal sound which penetrates to the back of the largest building. His figure is rather slight, not above middle height, and the whole man suggests an utter lack of physical energy. As a matter of fact, Mark Twain detests exercise, and the attraction must be very strong to induce him to go very far out of doors. Rolf Boldrewood called on him in Melbourne, and had the greatest difficulty in the world to persuade him to take a drive. With the exception of an occasional curious trot, as when recounting his buck-jumping experiences, Mark Twain stands perfectly still in one place during the whole of the time he is talking to the audience. He rarely moves his arms, unless it is to adjust his spectacles or to show by action how a certain thing was done. His characteristic attitude is to stand quite still, with the right arm across the abdomen and the left resting on it and supporting his chin. In this way he talks on for nearly two hours; and, while the audience is laughing uproariously, he never by any chance relapses into a smile. To have read Mark Twain is a delight, but to have seen and heard him is a joy not readily to be forgotten. The humorist is accompanied on his tour by his wife and charming second daughter.

R. C. B.



MARK TWAIN.

Drawn by A. Vincent.

## THE HEAD OF THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.

Colonel Sir Francis Cunningham Scott, K.C.M.G., C.B., to whom the command of the Ashanti Expedition is entrusted, is a soldier with a very distinguished record, dating as far back as the Crimean Campaign, in which he served with the 42nd Highlanders, obtaining the medal and clasps for Alma, Balaclava, and Sebastopol. He served with the same regiment in the Indian Mutiny, '57-'59, and was awarded medal and clasp for Lucknow. He took part in the 'Ashanti War of '73-'74, and was favourably mentioned in despatches, made Lieutenant-Colonel, created C.B., and awarded medal and clasp. He afterwards served in Her Majesty's Bodyguard from '78-'88, and commanded the 4th Battalion Middlesex Regiment from '85-'88. He was made Inspector-General of the Gold Coast Constabulary in '91, and in the following year commanded the Jebu Expedition, and, in a brief campaign, captured the King's capital and took the King and his family prisoners. For his success in this affair he received the thanks of the Governor of Lagos and of the executive and local Legislative Councils. He was also created a K.C.M.G., and given an additional clasp on the Ashanti medal. It will thus be seen that Sir Francis is well equipped by his experiences for the command of the present expedition, and he may be relied upon to bring King Prempeh to his senses before long. He has been in England for the past month or so, giving the benefit of his experience to the Colonial Secretary and other members of the Government. He looks hale and hearty at present, and it would seem as if the deadly climate, in which white men drop off every day without exciting any surprise, had no effect whatever upon him.



## A SAMOAN MAIDEN.

Mau Viotaoa is the pretty name of the young Samoan girl whose photographs, in native and European dress, are here given. The daughter of a Samoan chief, she is quite civilised, and a Wesleyan to boot. She was taken from her native island to Wellington, New Zealand, by a lady, in whose house she is treated as a daughter. She is a most interesting



MAU, A SAMOAN MAIDEN.

and amiable young woman of about twenty, with a pretty figure and splendid carriage, and is so good a housekeeper, so clever and trustworthy, that she can be left in full charge of house and children for any length of time.

The laws of her country do not permit one of her people to remain away beyond a certain time, and that time very soon expired. But she is so happy that, notwithstanding the King of Samoa sent despatches to his Excellency the Earl of Glasgow demanding her return, Mau point-blank refused to leave her English friends. When the Government official was sent to inquire into affairs and see if she were being detained against her will, she threw her arms around her "Muma's" neck, as she calls the lady she loves so well, burst into tears and said, "They may drag me away, but I will never go myself." Under these circumstances, the Government declined to interfere, and Mau became quite a notable personage. Ministers of the Crown visited her, and she was invited to and entertained by them at Parliament House. In habits she is refined—a natural lady. She always joins the company in the drawing-room in the evening, and her manners and bearing are equal to any cultured Englishwoman's.

On special occasions, by request, she will array herself in native costume, and make *kava* (the natural beverage of Samoa), by way of gratifying the guests at my friend's house; but, as Mau is becoming more and more Europeanised, she is finding increasing difficulty in donning her Samoan garb, as is shown by her evident shyness in assuming it. On the occasion on which I saw her in it, she made a pretty sight as she entered the drawing-room in her *ti puta* (bodice) and thick fringe of grasses around the waist, her necklaces and ornaments. Sitting on the floor, Samoan fashion, and trying modestly to cover her bare feet with the tassels of her *lava lava*, she took the bowl in front of her, and began to grind the *kava* on the big grater made for the purpose. The old savage way of reducing the root to the proper consistency in the mouth has passed away in the Islands, and a civilised, exaggerated sort of nutmeg-grater is used. By a peculiar motion of the hand, Mau converted the scraping noise into a rhythmical accompaniment to the native song she crooned whilst the powder fell into the bowl below. Then water was poured on, and the process of straining through the grasses was gone through several times, till the maker declared it was perfect and ready. The dose is a nauseous one to the unpractised, but the girl who made it looked so modest, sweet, and picturesque that I—and here I beg to say I am of the same sex as Mau—gave her a kiss for her efforts to please us. A.

## R. L. STEVENSON IN MR. MEREDITH'S NOVEL.

In the Gower Woodseer of "The Amazing Marriage" we have hints of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson which nobody, and least of all Mr. George Meredith, can or does deny. Hints only, of course. Gower is the son of a cobbler, and his Bohemianism is all to match. Perhaps Gower's hat is not worse than the one which Mr. Gosse was so anxious to abolish from the head of "R. L. S."; but his shirts! Indeed, it must not be the plural. "Gower's one shirt" (when he was staying with Admiral Fakenham) "was passing through the various complexions, and had approached the Nubian, on its way to the negro." Mr. Meredith is sure to know better, but I had always thought there was no blackness beyond the Nubian. Shakspeare (with whose name "R. L. S." marries Meredith's, and I, for one, dislike divorcees) would seem to have been against Mr. Meredith here, for he takes, not once only, the Ethiopian—who is the ancient Nubian—as the type and extremity of blackness. Gower himself, by the way, describes his shirt as "resembling London snow." To the housekeeper who promises him one "more resembling country snow," he retorts, "It will save me from buttoning so high up." And in that retort, if not in that shirt, you discern the ownership of "R. L. S." It is the Stevenson of the Donkey Journey that Mr. Meredith has reproduced, with his own transformings; but, despite the transformings, the vital Stevenson is there. He is met, a youth of twenty-three, upon a mountain, with a sprain in his leg which "at each step pronounced a negative to the act of walking," and so you get the word from his own lips, "this *donkey* leg." Gower's profession of faith is soon made: "I slept beside a spring last night, and I shall never like a bedroom so well." The landladies of the "Inland Voyage," who were always taking the Voyager and Cigarette, his companion, for pedlars, have their counterparts in the pages of Mr. Meredith. When, with Lord Fleetwood for comrade, Gower responds to that "invitation of the road" for ever singing in Stevenson's ears, it is Mr. Meredith's British baronet, Sir Meeson Corby, who is abashed by the spectacle of a peer "tramping the road, pack on back, with a young nobody for his comrade, who might be a cut-throat, and was avowedly next to a mendicant. Hundreds of thousands a-year, and he was tramping it like a pedlar, with a beggar for his friend." When Woodseer calls at a great house, the butler "refused at first to take his name to his master," and when he relents, he relents "in spite of the very suspicious, glib, good English spoken by a man



MAU.

wearing such a hat"—of course, the very hat which Mr. Gosse wanted to destroy, when he lured Stevenson into the latter's, and, turning round, found him not. You have everything but the episode in the pages of "The Amazing Marriage." A gleam of autobiography shines amid the biography of Mr. Meredith's last masterpiece. There is a hint of the doctor's dieting him in a description a man gives of his heroine: "She was wine and no penalty to me." Another sigh over vanished pleasures seems personal in the words that follow an old reminiscence of a moving play, "What it is that has gone from our drama I cannot tell. I am never affected now as I was then." And Mr. Meredith, as in real life so in fiction, is jealous of England's sea supremacy, and has a shaft at the Admiralty. One of his characters, allotting sleep to the world, says, "Four hours for a man, six for a woman, and four-and-twenty for a lord—a lord of the Admiralty."

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## FOR A DREAM'S SAKE.

BY CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.

A lady, tastefully dressed, with a tall figure and aristocratic face, stood alone amid the crowd at Victoria Station *en route* for Paris. There was the usual bustle and noise, the hurried tender farewells around her, and she looked on with a new curiosity, as if the whole world had donned a fresh face, and were, on a sudden, worth studying. A young man passed and bowed to her. She flushed crimson as she bent her head, and stepped quickly into her carriage. She was travelling for the first time in her life without her maid, and that fact above all others disconcerted her.

The train moved off; she sank down into the far corner of the carriage, and looked at the houses and the placid river with blind eyes. The summer sun flooded the compartment, and showed her to be about twenty-eight, showed her to be a beauty, with a thin, well-shaped mouth and blue eyes. The extreme neatness of her hair and costume was relieved by a certain fastidious elegance; beyond that fact she was unmistakably English. She carried conventional propriety in every movement, in the line of her upper lip, the droop of her eye-lids, and the haughty indifference in the blue depths beneath them.

The rows of poor houses, alike in all but the variations of poverty, annoyed her, and arrested her thoughts. She leant back with a sigh and shut her eyes, and mentally reviewed her past life now that she was leaving it behind.

She reviewed her childhood, with her stiff, religious mother, and a father as like the old definition of what a gentleman should be as it is possible to find in this century—a man whose passion was sport and whose weakness was wine, who treated his daughters with good-natured contempt, and had married Lady Blanche to the first man who proposed for her, when she was barely eighteen. She had accepted her fate calmly then, and had tolerated her husband's sporting propensities. Time brought a son and less tolerance; husband and wife, never having possessed a single idea in common, drifted apart. He kept race-horses, and forgot any other language than that of the betting-ring. She spent half the year in her town house, where she shopped in the morning, drove in the Park, and paid visits later, and ended each day with a dinner or theatre, as regularly as possible. In the country she wrote innumerable dull letters, made clothes for the poor, strolled in the garden, or drove to some distant estate to visit a friend.

And this had been her life, with no variation, until a year before her journey to Paris. Then her boy, who was eight years old, and very delicate, had required a tutor. A certain Mr. Stanley had come, and dropped into the monotony of her life—a man with a brilliant faculty for expressing his thoughts, and with a dark, handsome face, which attracted her curiosity at once.

He had left two months before, on the acquisition of a little property, which enabled him to travel; and she went over every incident of their parting, until her fair face blushed and her lips trembled.

She saw the cool drawing-room, with its flapping muslin curtains in the French window; saw the smooth lawn and neat flower-beds outside, and knew, as she had known then, that, when he turned back after taking leave of her, her whole soul craved for the truth, and her eyes were dumbly entreating him to set her lips free to speak.

"I can't go without saying it," he began; "but you know—you know——"

She remembered, as he strode forward, the light in his eyes, the whisper that reached her as his lips touched her cheeks, and then—She started to her feet, with the noisy train flying past the open country, under an August sun, to realise that she was going to him, would see him the very next day, and that the world was an altered place, and she an altered woman.

She swayed as the train rolled on, and put out her hand to steady herself against the woodwork of the door. She saw peaceful English villages, and fields yellow with corn, the quaint churches in their garment of ivy, and the halo, which imagination decks them with, of the purity of Protestantism in the past. Her elopement meant much to a woman of her stamp.

"I lose all," she thought, "and I lose it willingly."

A scene with her husband two days before strengthened her resolve. It was merely the old story of a gentleman who forgets to be a gentleman to his wife; of a dinner-party with some bachelor friends, and too much wine; of a coarse insult, and a taunt which stung her into revolt, "that he should kiss her French maid if he chose, since she was degrading herself by a flirtation with the tutor."

How this thing, in which there had been so much innocence, and so little to blame, had come to his ears, she was at a loss to discover, but the reason mattered little. He left to go to some races next day. She dismissed the maid—and telegraphed to her friend.

His answer merely said, "I shall meet you in Paris, at the hotel you name, on Tuesday morning. The world is very good to me at last, and I never knew what a woman's love was, or what joy life could hold for me, till now."

She had told one of the housemaids to fill a small box with clothes, left all her husband's gifts of jewellery behind, and, with an income sufficient for herself, derived from her mother's legacy, began a new life. A letter to her husband did not spare herself; she excused nothing, blamed no one. Her boy was with her sister-in-law, a rich maiden lady,

who contemplated making him her heir. He was an exact reproduction of his father, and she lacked a woman's tenderness where he was concerned, and admitted it with shame. That a stern mother, whose sense of religious duty made her hard to her daughter, and a careless father, were to blame in her youth, never occurred to her. Nothing womanly had ever been roused until she encountered Richard Stanley, and into her love for him all the repression of her whole life melted and changed, until her whole nature altered too.

The delirium of doing something unprecedented was in her veins. She loved the rush of the train hurrying towards the sea, away from the sleepy country which never appealed to her, and which was connected with all her past life. There was a strange expression in her blue eyes, as if a certain girlish reticence were suddenly abolished, and she was so absolutely and simply "glad" that she could have sung like a child from very happiness. Loving the man as she did, the guilt of what she was doing hardly touched her, save that in its social sense it stung her (as to a woman of her education and associations it was bound to do) with the knowledge that men would speak of her, and women condemn, as she herself, in her unassailed position as an exemplary wife, had often condemned others. The wrong of it moved her strangely, and she exulted in the knowledge that she was sacrificing her principles to this man, with a clear understanding that she suffered in so doing. But above all these things, and rising triumphant, there was the intoxicating thought that she was going to him, would live her whole life by his side, in a new existence, glorified by such complete bliss and devotion that it seemed almost impossibly wonderful.

Rochester Cathedral, as she was borne past, made her draw back as if wounded. It evoked memories of the strong arm of the Church, and its stern denunciation of such conduct as hers. It recalled her mother, and her mother's death-bed, which, after a life which had distorted the religion she professed, and made it hateful to her child, had shown the marvellous comfort of such belief, and the wonderful peace with which it transforms the last trembling hold on this earth into a glorious birth into another world.

She sank back on the seat, and closed her eyes. Stanley alone could banish these phantoms, and his thin, lithe figure, and grave, earnest face, were vividly reflected in the mirror of her mind. She recalled little incidents during his sojourn in her house—his courtesy to her, his patience with her husband and boy—recalled the long summer afternoons idled away in the sunlit garden, when he taught her all she had ever learnt of the world of books and great men, of the dying struggles of this century, of men and women who thought, and wrote, and suffered, with eyes from which the bandage of conventionality had been plucked by sorrow and the experience it brings. She learnt that what she had dimly guessed at was on the tongues of such thinkers all their lives; that, with the realisation of certain narrow limits choking the progress of civilisation, they strove to break asunder the barriers; that cant and affectation defeated much of what was best and might have attained its end; that the old-age of the nineteenth century was not all noise, and that, under its apparent advertisement, there crept upwards slowly, but just as surely, certain innovations which would reap a rich harvest in time to come.

At last, there was the sea, a calm, placid blue, with the sun bright on the white cliffs, and the fresh, salt air in her face. She followed the rest of the passengers on board, having been forced to return for her dressing-case, with the sudden recollection that she had no maid to look after her things for her, and that she was leaving it behind.

She was shown to a cabin, but deserted it at once, and, in a long deck-chair, sat, with half-closed eyes, idly content to feel the sun's warmth through her parasol, and with a delicious consciousness that she had no husband to come and bother her, and no petulant child to keep in order.

England grew small in the distance; the white cliffs became a mere indistinct line with a mist above them; the motion of the vessel rocked her to sleep, and she dreamt of wandering through Italy with Stanley, and woke to the glorious certainty of meeting him soon.

She was amused in watching the people at Calais, as she took lunch in the restaurant. Never had the rest of the world seemed so attractive, and the sight of a pale woman at the next table, with a red-faced English husband, who swore between each mouthful of chicken, made her exult once more in the recollection that these things were no longer part of her own life.

The hours between Calais and Paris passed in dreams. She imagined Stanley's arrival the next day from the South—his delight at seeing her; wondered, with a blush, if the strangeness of being alone with him in the hotel would make her shy. She rehearsed her first words, and imagined his reply; went over the scene again and again, but never any further than the first close embrace—the future she left to him.

The flat country, with its tall, narrow poplar trees pointing a frail finger towards the sky, seemed all part of the new life to come, and every figure in its quaint blue blouse, and every French village, seemed to take place in a glorious programme which meant happiness to come, and spelt Paradise.

She wondered if he looked at the same sunset with as throbbing expectation of meeting her soon as that which shook her from head to foot, as she remembered in waves of delight that only one night had to pass before she saw him. She loved the great city as it suddenly showed its thousands of roofs and grew a reality; loved the steaming into the bright, noisy station, loved the feeling that she was actually there, and when, after the examination of her box, she was at last in an open fiacre



rattling merrily across the Paris stones, she could have cried for joy at being in the "Champagne City," which was such a fitting background for her new life.

A paroxysm of shyness seized her as she neared the hotel. Her lack of knowledge of the life into which she was entering had caused her to choose one where she was known, where she had stayed for a few days the year previous, with her husband and child, and the accompanying retinue of his valet, her maid, and an older servant who had been the boy's nurse and in her husband's family years before. Her customary dignity carried her through, and, having procured a sitting-room, in which she ordered dinner, she sat down helplessly in front of her box, staggered by the sudden recollection that she must unpack it herself. With a determination to procure a maid at the earliest opportunity, she unlocked and opened the box, with a tired sigh. Later, she could have cried when she realised, with a start, that she had never been able to arrange her hair becomingly herself, and she only revived, later, when she discovered from the chambermaid, who came in briskly, with a bright smile and gleaming teeth, and offered to help her to arrange her clothes, that a *coiffeur* lived next door, and could be sent for in the morning.

It was impossible to eat, and absolutely impossible to sleep. She lay, with eyes wide open, watching the moonlight creep in between the curtains, and listening to the noises in the street. She was so ill with nervous apprehension that something might prevent Stanley meeting her, that even the knowledge that she would look her worst after a sleepless night prevented her composing herself for one instant. She did not know what hour his train arrived, and had been ashamed to ask the evening before. When the dawn painted the room an unearthly grey, and the bed-clothes were a tumbled heap, she turned her back on the windows and fell asleep, with one white arm, in its soft muslin sleeve, flung across the coverlet, palm upwards, as if appealing to someone and for something which her proud face would never express.

She woke suddenly, and sat up, with a puzzled wonder at the unaccustomed aspect of the room. The events of the last few days crowded into her recollection with a rush; she sprang out of bed, pulled the curtains wide apart, and ran to learn the time from her neat travelling-clock on the mantelpiece. It was already nine o'clock, and, in a panic of excitement, she rang for the maid. She learnt later, from the same source, that the hotel omnibus had arrived empty, and that no visitors had come from Biarritz. She dressed with an anxious face, and was fretted beyond bearing by the talkative *coiffeur* who dressed her hair. Then she went out herself, and sent a telegram to Stanley, asking if he had missed the train, and when she might expect him.

She drove to the Louvre to do some shopping, conscious that she moved and spoke like a person under the influence of some drug. It was impossible to fix her mind on anything, and she chose a new hat in the Rue de la Paix at random, with the certainty ten minutes after that she should never wear it. But the hours had to be passed somehow, and she ordered *déjeuner* in her sitting-room, with a pitiful reflection that even to try and eat gave her occupation. Her horror of being all alone among strangers, after constant supervision all her life, made her singularly helpless. She asked if there were a telegram for her so often that the waiter must have entertained doubts of her sanity. She flung herself on the sofa after a futile attempt to swallow some food, and watched the sunlight dancing on the frivolous many-coloured wall-paper, much as she had watched the moonlight in the dreary hours of the night. She slept at last, from absolute fatigue, and woke with a dreamy consciousness that all would come well, and that she had never known the delicious sense of rest as she knew it then, and so fell asleep again. When she roused, the afternoon was many hours older. She went into the bedroom and put her pretty hair in order, and washed her face and hands. Then she wandered from room to room, tortured by waiting, and at last went downstairs in search of a newspaper, cheating herself into the belief that she might calm her nerves by reading.

The Salon de Lecture was a long, narrow room, with stiff chairs covered in red velvet, a number of mirrors, and one oblong table. An American girl, flirting with a handsome young Frenchman, glanced up and admired her slim figure and undeniable elegance as she entered. A fat English matron, with two young daughters, who were whispering over a fashion-plate, turned and watched the new-comer with placid interest. An old man, with all the hair he possessed, a moustache, beard, and three hairs on his forehead, buried in the *Times*, presented a broad British back and shiny bald head to the company in general. A timid little French girl on her honeymoon sat in the window, her paper dropped on the floor, her large eyes pathetic with the longing for home and the little mother in a Normandy château, who had wept so many tears at parting, and whose care could never be replaced by the pettish, effeminate bridegroom, who had gone to procure tickets for a theatre that night.

These people looked at the English lady and noted her beautiful face, and the diamonds on her long, slim fingers, as she moved an evening paper forward and glanced down at it. The little French bride saw her face change into a mask of absolute terror, and started to her feet. The others had the horror of it reflected in their wondering eyes, for the mask they watched paled, until it was a quivering likeness to a human face after death; the lips shook and dropped at the corners, the pink and white skin changed to grey, and the great blue eyes staring wildly in front of them saw a scene which they could not even guess at, which drew the light and youth from them for ever.

On the table lay a paper containing the announcement of a terrible railway accident to the night train from Biarritz, and Richard Stanley's name was among the dead.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is often a wonder to me when I see the long lists of advertised concerts, most of them good, and some exceedingly classical, Monday and Saturday Pops., Richter and Mottl after him, whether we are, as a nation, shaking off the reproach of a lack of music; and whether, perhaps, the coming composer may yet be an Englishman. We are certainly studying better models than before; we are more catholic in our appreciation, and we have meritorious composers who are, occasionally, very nearly great; and we are now commemorating Purcell, a man who, for his age, was really great. Yet we cannot find a musician with that touch of originality that marks off the first-rate from the merely capable—except in the lighter veins. There we may say, "This is Sullivan's comedy," but we do not say this of symphonies or grand operas or string quartettes. Some of our learned composers might achieve a real individuality if they forgot their knowledge and its limitations; in music, as in the drama, the young and fresh aspirant sometimes reaches eminence through sheer ignorance of convention.

If ever there is to be an English school of music, it is with comedy we must begin. Oratorio is supposed to be a peculiarly English class of composition. It might be better defined as a class of composition liked by English audiences, but hitherto best supplied by foreigners. For when an English composer sets out to do a series of Scriptural fragments into musical form, he thinks of Handel and Mendelssohn, not of any English model. The anthem is native to our soil, the oratorio is not, even though every organist of any spirit has an oratorio, or, at the least, a sacred cantata, in his desk. What is really English in music is certain types of songs and dances, of a quaint and characteristic charm, together with that broadly humorous ballad whose refinement is Gilbert and Sullivan, and whose vulgarisation is in the music-hall.

These are the two currents of genuine English music, the quaintly pastoral and old-world ballad of country courtesies, and the broad and hearty laughter of the clown. We might define them as the "Fal-la-la" and the "Rumty" schools, the playful satire and coquetry of the courtier and the deep-mouthed roar of the rollicking rustic. We have delicate music to tickle our tastes, and rattling tunes to make us rise up and shout the chorus, and both we want for our comic work. Harlequin and Columbine may exchange the airy conceits of the artificial Arcady, while Clown and Pantaloon defy the Policeman of convention, and riot on alien sausages.

The recent—perhaps not disappointment, but at least postponement of the desired male heir to the throne of All the Russias, and possibly some of the Chinas, Turkeys, and other neighbouring lands, may remind us of the extreme importance in history of those questions of succession which some philosophical historians—a phrase which generally means a man who talks more than he knows—affect to despise as utterly insignificant. If that pious and learned Protestant prig, Edward VI., had lived, what should we have been? Possibly all Roman Catholics, out of sheer boredom and disgust at the ways of him and his advisers. If Mary Tudor's child had come when he was illuminated for and announced, what should we have been officially believing at the present time? Very possibly nothing at all, like our friends across Channel. What a romance of history—or rather, of what might have been history—could be written under the title of "The Child Who Wasn't!" One might suggest the title to Mr. Grant Allen, as having the first claim to such combinations. Mr. Grant Allen knows no history, but he could get it up; and as nobody else knows any, he could put in what he liked.

But the Russians might do worse, in case the desired heir delays his appearance, than recur to their old practice of having an Empress—I believe Tsaritsa is the correct form. They have had four, besides a female Regent, since Peter the Great. And, on the whole, the female reigns were successful—especially the last. Catherine II., during her reign, gathered in territories that left the conquests of Peter in the shade, and broke the back of Turkey as decisively as he crippled the arm of Sweden. And, with all her numerous occupations, she found time for immorality on a magnificent scale. This part of a sovereign's duties is now no longer expected, so that a new Russian reigning Empress would have a far easier task.

The pre-Tartar Russia that fought the Eastern Emperors was ruled successfully for a time by an Olga; and the Olga just arrived might some day take up the record, creditable, if vague, of the forgotten princess. Or perhaps she may some day found a new Eastern Empire by an alliance with Boris of Bulgaria—who is now in process of conversion.

MARMITON.



THE ART OF THE DAY.



THE SPIRIT ARMED.—W. B. RICHMOND, R.A.

EXHIBITED AT THE GOUPIE GALLERY. REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF MESSRS. BOUSSOD, VALADON, AND CO., REGENT STREET, W.

## ART NOTES.

The President of the Royal Academy, who is always eager to do all in his power for any artistic object, has just pronounced his verdict upon the statuette competition instituted by the Art Union of London. Sir Frederic Leighton's choice has fallen upon the model for a statuette, by Miss Margaret Giles, representing "Hero." The lady thus gains the award of £150 given by the society.

At last we are to have—if all the previous announcements upon the subject even approximate to the truth—a *locus classicus*, dealing artistically with the treasures, the towns, and the monuments of Italy.



THE VILLAGE PUMP.—GEORGE MORLAND.  
Exhibited at Mr. Ichenhäuser's Gallery.

Moreover, to give the work something even of a national character; the compiler and editor of the book—which, we understand, may be described by the epithet "huge" (when it is completed)—is no less a person than the Prince of Naples. The illustrious editor—a name which, at the moment, is more strictly accurate than "able editor"—will take for his model Prince Rudolf's "Oesterreich in Wort und Bild." The book is to be illustrated by the best Italian artists, which is, perhaps, not saying very much, and we rejoice to know that the old Republican cities of Northern and Central Italy will receive especial and particular attention, as is but right.

A subject which has often occupied our attention in these columns has been that of the picture-poster, its possibility and its actual achievement. The picture-poster can do so much towards vulgarising or decorating the appearance of any city that it has for a long time been quite an appreciable element in our daily outdoor life. Until quite a few years ago, we, in London at all events, had settled down to a perpetual sense of vulgarity, unredeemed and certainly unashamed, in every poster that might ever reach the eye. It was not until the French began to stride ahead with every kind of distinction in this respect that a new possibility began to strike, not the common picture-poster of England, but the artist in search of a medium.

And now the subject has grown so important that Messrs. George Bell and Sons have just issued what at present may be called the picture-poster classic, a handsome book by Mr. Charles Hiatt, which is, in fact, a short history of the illustrated placard, with "many reproductions of the most artistic examples of all countries." Although Mr. Hiatt philosophically begins his subject at the very beginning of things, with the poster in Egypt and Rome, he does not really get to work until his second chapter, "The pictorial poster in France during the present century," a division which occupies him through the space of four chapters. England claims three chapters from him, America one, "other countries" one, and he concludes his book with a brief discussion upon "the price of the pictorial poster."

With posters, as with most things that have a certain value, it is the rarity which, to a large extent, fixes the price. Here, at all events, are a few facts. Some of the highest prices are obtained by the French artists who, "for the most part, were the contemporaries or immediate successors of Gavarini." Gustave Doré did not often indulge

in the trivial luxury, as he doubtless considered it, of an excursion into the art of the poster. His most important work in this respect, "Légende du Juif Errant," realises, for a fine proof, more than sixty francs. Posters by Vivant Beaucé, Castelli, Cham, Victor Coindre, and others, however, realise comparatively small sums.

Of living designers of the poster, Chérét commands certainly the highest prices. In the Sagot Catalogue of 1891, "over five hundred and fifty posters by Chérét are described, and of these no less than eighty are priced at twenty francs or more." Since the publication of this catalogue, however, the value of even these has steadily increased, and, says Mr. Hiatt, "it is uncertain if many of them can now be procured at all." As a hint to collectors, it may be stated that, on Mr. Hiatt's authority, although most of other living French artists' posters can be procured for comparatively trifling sums, it is extremely improbable that such a condition of things will long continue. Such names as Toulouse-Lautrec, Anquetin, Bonnard, Steinten, and Ibels should be remembered always in this connection; some of Steinten's work is particularly charming. Altogether, Mr. Hiatt has written a vastly interesting work, some reproductions of which we hope to publish in these columns on a later occasion, when this side of the subject can be separately treated.

In "Photograms of '95," a pictorial record of the best photographic work of the year, the editor and staff of the *Photogram* have produced an excellent and informing compilation, accompanied by many admirable reproductions from photographs of the year. The book abounds with information upon the subject of recent photography.

Mr. William White has just issued "The Principles of Art" (published by George Allen), as those principles are "illustrated by examples" in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield, with passages (by permission) from the writings of John Ruskin. It is an odd little idea, but the book that has resulted from the combination (by permission) of Mr. Ruskin and Mr. White is by no means a little one. It consists of 634 pages of close print, and is about as laborious a compilation as a man should meet in a twelvemonth. The contracting, the indexing, the foot-notes, the references, the paragraphing, the very notes of interrogation, are all completed with a conscientiousness as appalling as it is, doubtless, meritorious.

The Fine Art Society has succeeded in obtaining Mr. Whistler's consent to their bringing together and showing for the first time as a collection the greater number of his lithographs. A better moment could not have been chosen, for the revival of lithography has of late much occupied some of the most distinguished painters in this country, and Mr. Whistler's exhibition will offer a rare occasion of seeing the work to whose influence the latest movement in the art world is mainly due. It is proposed that the private view shall take place in the early part of December.

Mr. W. B. Richmond's striking picture, "The Spirit Armed," which we are enabled to reproduce, by the kind permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, and Co., has been given by the artist to be sold for the benefit of the Home Arts and Industries Endowment Fund.

Morland's "Charcoal-Burners" is the property of Mr. J. Ichenhäuser, of the Berkeley Galleries, Bruton Street, and it is a very important example of the great English master it represents. The picture is in



THE CHARCOAL-BURNERS.—GEORGE MORLAND.  
Exhibited at Mr. Ichenhäuser's Gallery.

Morland's happiest vein, and displays all the vivid force of this artist's unequalled talent. The world of art has only lately discovered what a transcendent artist Morland really was, and, in consequence, his works are being eagerly sought for. The high prices realised at auctions lately show the upward tendency of the market.



## COLONEL DURNFORD'S TARPON.

The large tarpon which has been exhibited in the window of Messrs. C. Farlow and Co., fishing-tackle manufacturers, opposite St. Clement Danes Church in the Strand, is an enormous specimen of the herring tribe caught in Florida waters, North America. It originally scaled close

## CONFETTI FÊTE AT SOUTHPORT.

Hardly could a prettier sight have been witnessed than that of the Cinderella Car, designed and decorated by Miss Edith Sadler, at St. Luke's Confetti Fête, held recently in Southport. The gilded coach, in itself a picture, was superbly decorated with evergreens, smilax, and



THE TARPON.

upon 130 lb., and is 6 ft. long and 16 in. deep. It was got alongside of an anchored boat and gaffed in about an hour. The fish is well preserved. The fortunate capturer was Colonel Durnford, who used a rod and line, with hooks baited with a piece of mullet. Both the rod and tackle are now in the possession of Messrs. Farlow, who have from time to time supplied outfits for anglers in Florida waters.

chrysanthemums, and was drawn by six immaculate courtiers, who, with its lovely driver, and two bonnie wee "tigers," were faultlessly attired in the richest of Court clothes. It was indeed a stately coach for the sweetest of Cinderellas, who, dressed in pure white satin, with the tiniest of courtiers, was seated inside. Altogether, a more charming and unique effect could scarcely be imagined.



MISS EDITH SADLER'S CINDERELLA CAR.





MISS WINIFRED EMERY AS MRS. FRASER IN "THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT,"  
AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY IN "THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT," AT THE COMEDY.

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



*"Will you tell me what the Judge said of me?"*



*"I've been very babyish and silly all my life."*



*"The Judge was rather rough on me."*



*"Here's to our friend the Judge."*

## POTIPHAR'S WIFE ON THE STAGE.

Reference was made in these columns recently to the Rev. George Walters' play "Joseph of Canaan," which Mr. George Rignold produced in Sydney. Mr. George Rignold is shortly returning to England, and Mr. Walters is also coming to London, with the view of getting the play staged in this country. The play was so successful in Sydney that it was taken to Melbourne, where also it was regarded by the critics as one of the most interesting and picturesque plays ever placed on the local stage.



REV. GEORGE WALTERS.  
Photo by Marion, Sydney.

As showing how reverent and respectful the author has been to his theme, it may be mentioned that not a line of comedy appears throughout the whole play; and yet, by the attractive handling of the Bible characters, and the introduction of one or two fresh personages and new motives and situations, a drama has been produced which cannot fail to interest, and at the same time educate, people in one of the most dramatic incidents recorded in Biblical history. The character of Potiphar's wife,

Ayesha, is greatly developed, and, as we see her in the play, she is a sinuously, sensually handsome woman. Another development of the Biblical story is the amplification of the character of Joseph's wife, Asenath, the daughter of the High Priest at the temple of On, who is beloved of Ata, a priest. Ata is a new character, and his introduction in the part of one vainly striving after the love of Joseph's wife, and at the same time engaging in intrigues against the rule of the Arabian shepherd kings, forms a very interesting thread of romance running through the play. The piece is made up largely of spectacular display, such as processions of priests and dancing-girls, the performance of religious rites, and the corybantic revels of the worshippers of Osiris. The scenic effects are quite gorgeous. For the main thread of the story the author has stuck pretty closely to his Bible. The incident of the sale of Joseph is disposed of in a prologue, and, after a lapse of eight years, we are again introduced to Joseph, in the house of Potiphar, whose sensual wife makes vigorous

attempts to undermine the virtue of the young man. Failing in this, she has him imprisoned, and then the Bible is followed in the remaining incidents, such as the translation of Pharaoh's dream, Joseph's elevation, and his interviews with his brethren. In the end the author makes Ayesha repent, and she kills the intriguing priest, Ata. Also an excellent point is made in the offer by Joseph to purchase Benjamin of his brethren for the sum he himself had been sold for. The play ends with the reconciliation of Joseph and his brethren, and this speech: "At Pharaoh's command, I bid them welcome. Even as the leaves of the forest, which the wind driveth, so is man's destiny. By that which did seem a cruel act, God hath wrought His will. The dreams of my youth are verified. Ye all have bowed before me."

The author has written the dialogue in the simplest language possible, so as to preserve, as far as practicable, the sobriety and directness of the original narrative. There is no straining after literary effect, though at times, and particularly in the temptation scenes between Ayesha and Joseph, which are the most effective in the play, the writing becomes dignified and eloquent. The chief feature of the play's success is not its literary quality, but the faithfulness with which the manners and customs and motives of conduct of the patriarchal times of about forty centuries ago have been reproduced. The play allows little scope for demonstrative acting. Mr. Rignold played the part of Joseph in a grave and dignified manner, and, in presenting several new traits in the character of the central personage, he did so in a manner perfectly consistent with all that is recorded of him in Genesis. The other important part is that of Ayesha, Joseph's temptress and betrayer, a part calling for the display of powerful and conflicting emotions, which Miss Maud Williamson, a talented Australian actress, represented with quite Bernhardtish effect. Both in the writing and in the staging, "Joseph of Canaan" is by far the most important contribution that Australia has made to the British drama.



MR. GEORGE RIGNOLD.  
Photo by Carl and Lemiere.



JOSEPH (MR. G. RIGNOLD), AND AYESHA (MISS MAUD WILLIAMSON).



AYESHA AND ATA THE PRIEST (MR. SCOT INGLIS).



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## THE GENUINE ARTICLE.\*

It is the genuine article, because, though there is no story to speak of, this book contains the most admirably truthful sketches of Irish life and character we have had for many a year. Some reproach has been cast upon Mr. Bullock for not having constructed his narrative on an approved latter-day model. But he did not set out to write a novel in the ordinary sense. If comparisons are to be made, "By Thrassna River" is more like the book which established Mr. Barrie's reputation than any piece of pure story-telling. It is an Irish "Thrums," in which the character is drawn as straight from life as in Mr. Barrie's delightful annals of Kirriemuir. Tammagart himself is not racier of his soil than Big Ned, Pete, Oiney, Wee James, and the Marvins are of the turf that adjoins Lough Erne. Peasant for peasant, I prefer the Irish, sketched by Mr. Bullock with the finest appreciation of all their qualities, good, bad, and indifferent—pugnacity, intolerance, rancour that may blaze into murder, ignorance, lawlessness, and yet with kindness, gratitude, and irrepressible gaiety of heart shining through all. By a blessed omission, there is not a priest or parson in the whole volume. Mr. Bullock has wisely recognised that the theological shepherds of Irish flocks have been done to death in fiction. We know them all, from Father O'Flynn to the zealot who denounces land-grabbers from the altar. True, this Irish "Thrums," is mainly of an Orange complexion in the county of Fermanagh; but the Catholics are strong enough to hold their own in a faction-fight, and religious controversy is rife without any professional experts to give it a purely theological bias. In one of the most diverting scenes, Big Ned expounds the belief that London is lamentably deficient in good "Prodestans," and, to impress this on the only Englishman in the company, organises there and then a fife-and-drum procession in honour of King William, whose immortal memory is flung by terrific noise at any "Papishes" within earshot. But when the duty of asserting the "Prodestan" religion is not paramount, the Orangeman is on excellent terms with his Romish neighbour, and Big Ned is ready to dance a jig with the "Papish" Thady Sheeran at their employer's harvest-home.

Jan Farmer, who is the narrator, acts as overseer of his father's property at Emo, with the help of his younger brother Hal. They are little more than school-boys, but they reign over the affections of the people, to whom the English overseer who preceded them was a drill-sergeant and a curmudgeon. There are four families with whose affairs the book is mainly concerned—the Marvins, the Coynes, the Dalys, and the Sheerans. Thady Sheeran is a striking character, though not of the primitive Celtic type. He is the philosopher of the little community, wholly without humour, grim, patient, extremely proud of his "commonsense." Quite illiterate, he has an inexhaustible stock of opinions, political, social, and commercial, a good deal of native shrewdness, and an utter contempt for the law, and, especially for the Government. To him the Government is the "polis." What have they ever done for him? Did they help him to find the forty pounds he lost when he got drunk after the cattle fair? It was true that the money, long supposed to have been stolen, was stitched into the lining of his waistcoat by a thoughtful woman who saw him lying in an insensible state; but what was the good of the "polis" if they couldn't tell him that? Thady owed that forty pounds to Jan, whose beasts he had sold at the fair; so, he set about making money by starting a private still. The "poten" was brewed in his hovel by day, and on a hill-top by night, till the "polis" got wind of it, and Thady had to lie low. What business had they to prevent a poor man from distilling whisky in order to clear off a debt that was a burden and disgrace to him and his struggling family? It is a perpetual struggle, indeed, to stave off famine, and when Thady decides to try emigration, he is thinking of his children, and not of himself. There is no prospect for them in a country where wretched patches of land are swept by tempests and sodden by rain, till the blight attacks the potatoes, and robs the cotters of their staple food. There is no whining sentiment in Thady, but to leave the famine-stricken country that bore him is a hard trial.

Poor Thady Sheeran! I pitied you as you sat there; I understood you, Thady; shared your thoughts and emotions; knew how the land held your heart, and wrenched it sore as you plucked it away. Ah! the agony was bitter; all the more bitter because you were strong, Thady, and would have died sooner than acknowledge your weakness to a soul. The land-hunger had you fast in its grip, Thady, all that morning—ay! every morning and every day, for days and days, as you walked through Emo, and silently bade its dumb earth a last farewell. Ay! Emo was your very own! there were you born, there would you have died—only for the children.

The lot of the Coynes, the two old brothers, Pete and Oiney the cripple, is even more pathetic. In a wing of their wretched cabin dwell Rose Daly and her mother; and Rose has been engaged for years to Phil, Oiney's son, a shiftless creature, with an insatiable passion for losing at cards his miserable pittance as a day-labourer. To save him from a life which means endless misery for both, Rose elopes with him to Liverpool, leaving the old men and the neighbours to misunderstand what is really an act of heroism. So Oiney curses Phil and dies; and Pete is driven by starvation in his old age to the

hateful workhouse. A contrast to this little tragedy, told with infinite simplicity and feeling, is afforded by the love-making of Wee James with the saucy Annie Marvin, and the rival pretensions of the Englishman, Harry Thomson, to that charmer's hand. Harry is a romantic youth, with his head in Shakspeare and the clouds, who goes courting in "the grand manner of high life," to the diversion of the village beauty and the wrath of her practical father. The views of Mr. Henry Marvin about love are not uncommon among Irish farmers. "Love!" says he to Jan, "Ach whisht! Ye're as bad as Thomson himself, you and yir Love! What do we want with Love here? What does a girl want, these parts, but a sober, honest man, wi' a good piece of land, an' a trifle o' money at the back o' him? An' if she gets that, then Love may go fishin'." Love indeed—bleather from story-books an' lunatics! Only yir weak-minded people talk about such nonsense! Love is certainly not the sentiment which the fair Annie entertains towards Thomson, whom she treats very ill, nor towards Wee James, whom she marries, though there is a hint that, in spite of all her sauciness, she would have shown tenderness enough to Jan himself if he had encouraged it. The love-sickness of poor Thomson plunged him into ignominious straits. He is frightened by his rival with an empty gun into swearing to renounce the lady, and he is terrified out of his romantic megrims by his friend Jan's threat to murder him if he does not relieve his mind with a recitation. So, after weakly quavering "Sally in our Alley," he declaims

the fight between FitzJames and Roderick Dhu with something more than the fine frenzy of the amateur actor. After that, "for two mortal hours longer Harry stood there on the floor, and was himself again—the old Harry, who had read to us of nights, and recited, and for us made his startling back-falls. It was well, very well." I am afraid it is rather ill for the pride of Britons, seeing that Thomson is the only Englishman of any moment in the book. I don't know whether Mr. Bullock has some sly design against the pride of Cockneys, but this portrait of the theatrical Thomson may be forgiven even by the most brutal Saxon.

As for the unconquerable gaiety of these Celts, it brims in many a page. What could be more delightful and more significant than this scene at the harvest-home?

There was a sudden roar of laughter. In the middle of the floor, Big Ned, now somewhat flushed, was preparing to dance a jig with Thady. He had taken off his coat and waistcoat, and was rolling up his shirt-sleeves. "Come on, me lóy," he was saying to Thady, "we'll show a thing or two. Strek up, Barney; put yir elbow into it, me son!" Barney struck up, and off the two went in a ponderous jig, in which the efforts of the one to dance down the other were only less absurd than the exceeding gravity of their faces. How the people laughed and shouted! You would not have thought that a care or a trouble existed within twenty miles of Emo. Yet not one there was sure that the end of the winter would see him with a roof over his head. Outside the flood was lying on their land; their cattle were eating black, rain-soaked hay; their hearths could not even show a cheerful blaze; the present was miserable, the future not to be thought of without dread; and there they were as merry as sand-boys, laughing and shouting at Ned's panting and blowing and Thady's fantastic capers. Well, let us thank a merciful God that we can forget.

And let us be thankful also for a writer who, with so much truth and charm, gives such pictures of a people so desperately misunderstood.—A.



MR. SHAN F. BULLOCK.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

\* "By Thrassna River." By Shan F. Bullock. London: Ward, Lock, and Bowden.

## THE MISSIONARY IMPOSTURE.

BY A CORRESPONDENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Every thoughtful person of the present day who has read the daily papers must be tempted to ask, Are the meetings so frequently held regarding missions really of the slightest value? Are these men who are giving up their lives and money and energy really helping forward the cause of humanity—are they really on the right track? There are many enlightened Afrikanders who emphatically cry out "No"; the native leads a higher life, better morally, better physically, before the missionary has taught him. After passing some years in various parts of South Africa, going out, in the first instance, with the correct orthodox ideas of "preaching the Gospel to every creature," I emphatically endorse the opinion which is held by every Colonial, that, if you want work done, either in your house, or in your store or mine, get your servant, him or her, straight from the kraal, uneducated, unmissionarised. I have had a good deal of experience with the raw native, and always found him

satisfactory from any point of view. Ask any business man or woman who has lived in the Transvaal or Cape Colony why a raw Kaffir is physically and mentally and naturally pure, helpful, willing, and honest, and why that same Kaffir, having gone to some mission station to be educated, comes back supercilious, independent, lazy, and often dishonest, you can get no answer, simply a shrug and "I don't know, but it is so."

Something will have to be done, not to make the native European, but to keep him African, to help him to develop his own life on the basis of his own idiosyncrasies. Of course, the difficulties are immense; but it is such a mistake to send out young, eager men, with few ideas except of people in their own life, knowing nothing of the country, of the traditions and customs, and, above all, with ideas of their own immense superiority, taking the influence of physical environment on the native not at all into consideration, giving him a varnish of European civilisation, putting aside as pernicious and wicked the customs and often needful habits of the country, and forcing him to believe in impossible religious doctrines which do not help him in his future life, and which tend to his demoralisation sooner or later. When a native accepts



THE KANGAROO AT THE "ZOO."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

most trustworthy, most faithful, most eager to learn to work, and to do his best for "baas" and "missy." Once, being pressed by a missionary friend, I took a "model" for the kitchen. He was highly educated—that is to say, he knew the three R's, could sing tonic sol-fa, and could hold forth at a prayer-meeting. I found him impudent, lazy, always asking, even at ten in the morning, to go to his class, and, at last, after seven weeks of torture, as he wished to go to a prayer-meeting just as we wanted midday dinner cooked, I told him to "limba" (be off). He went; so did a good deal of money from his fellow-servant, and some of my spoons and forks and husband's clothes. This is the common occurrence of everyday life. If you venture to get a boy who has been brought up on a mission station, he is generally useless as a domestic servant, and he is dishonest into the bargain.

Another boy I knew well was in my husband's store. He had been educated at Lovedale Mission Station, had passed many examinations, could drive a team of mules or oxen, could do everything in a store, from serving to making out bills, but could not be trusted one moment; he drank, took garments from the store and sold them to other Kaffirs, and helped himself generally to anything he needed. He was kept on because "he was so very needful." And he is only a type of many hundreds who are working in the big towns to-day. Money, energy, life are always being poured in recklessly for the missions, and the result is very far from

Christianity; he seems to absorb all the vices of the European, and few of his virtues.

Another factor that the missionary does not take into consideration is the fact that the Dutch Boer, filled with psalms and hymns, repeating texts by the yard, and going in for abundant services and prayer-meetings, is one of the most despicable of all creatures to be master of native servants. He has slowly worked his way up from Cape Town, hundreds of years ago, through what is now called the Cape Colony, through the Free State, and right through the Transvaal, ever on the "trek," ever moving with his flocks and herds and families, always filthy in habit and thought, always immoral, superstitious, and sanctimonious; and one feels that it is through his influence, slowly permeating South Africa, that the native has been led away to mix up the simple words of Christ with habits and customs immoral and impure. A fresh young missionary is always taken in by the Boers. He thinks, because the Boer attends so regularly to church meetings and the "Nacht Maal," or Lord's Supper, that he is religious, and will not believe that the same Boer will lie, will cheat, will slander, to the very utmost, quoting Scripture all the time. And so the unfortunate Kaffir has little chance of distinguishing between the missionary, who uses the same phrases as his Dutch master, and the Boer, who flogs or cheats him, and who lies and defrauds his customers with the Word of God on his lips the while.

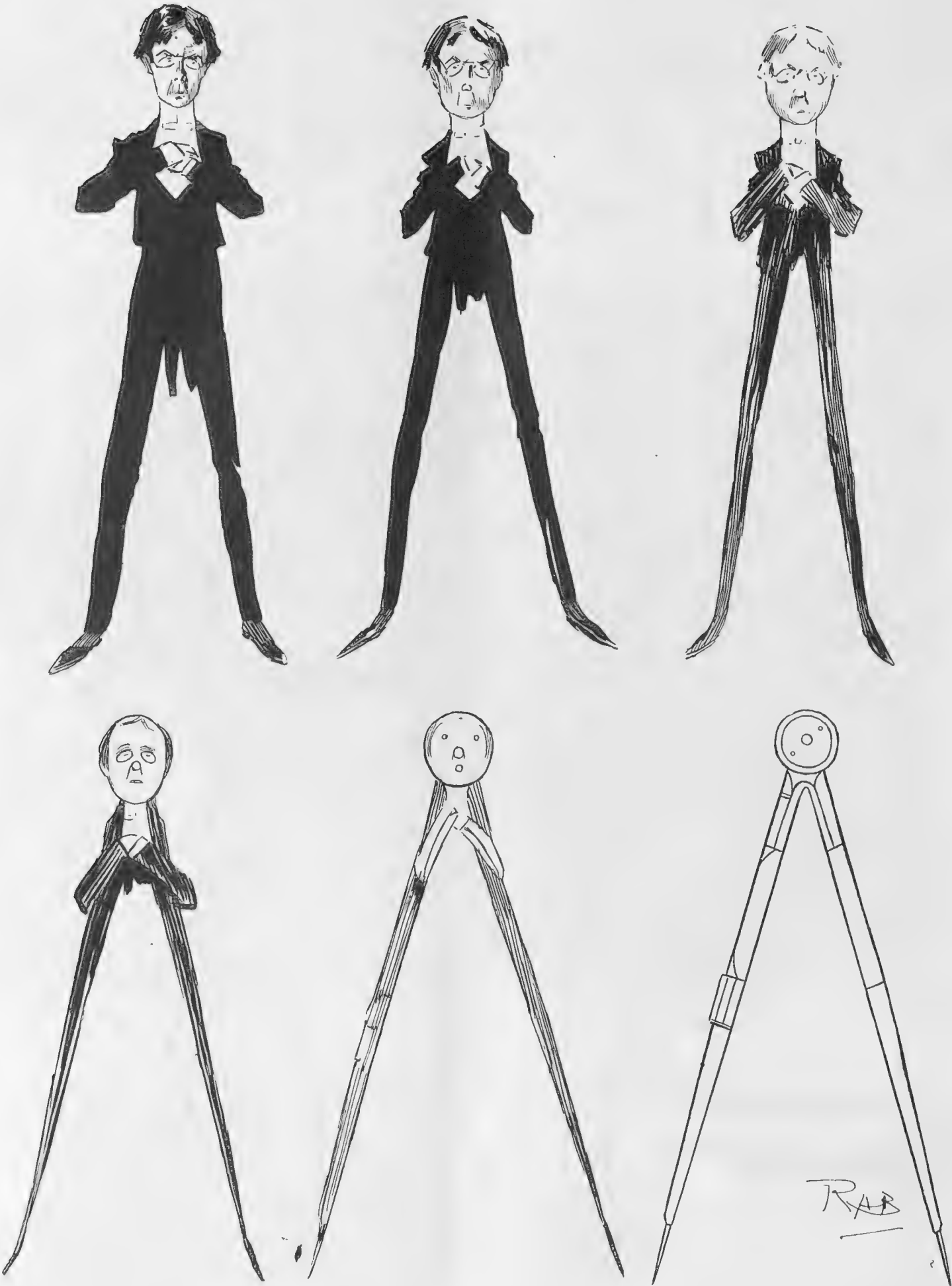
THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



BIOGRAPHIES IN BACKS.

DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.

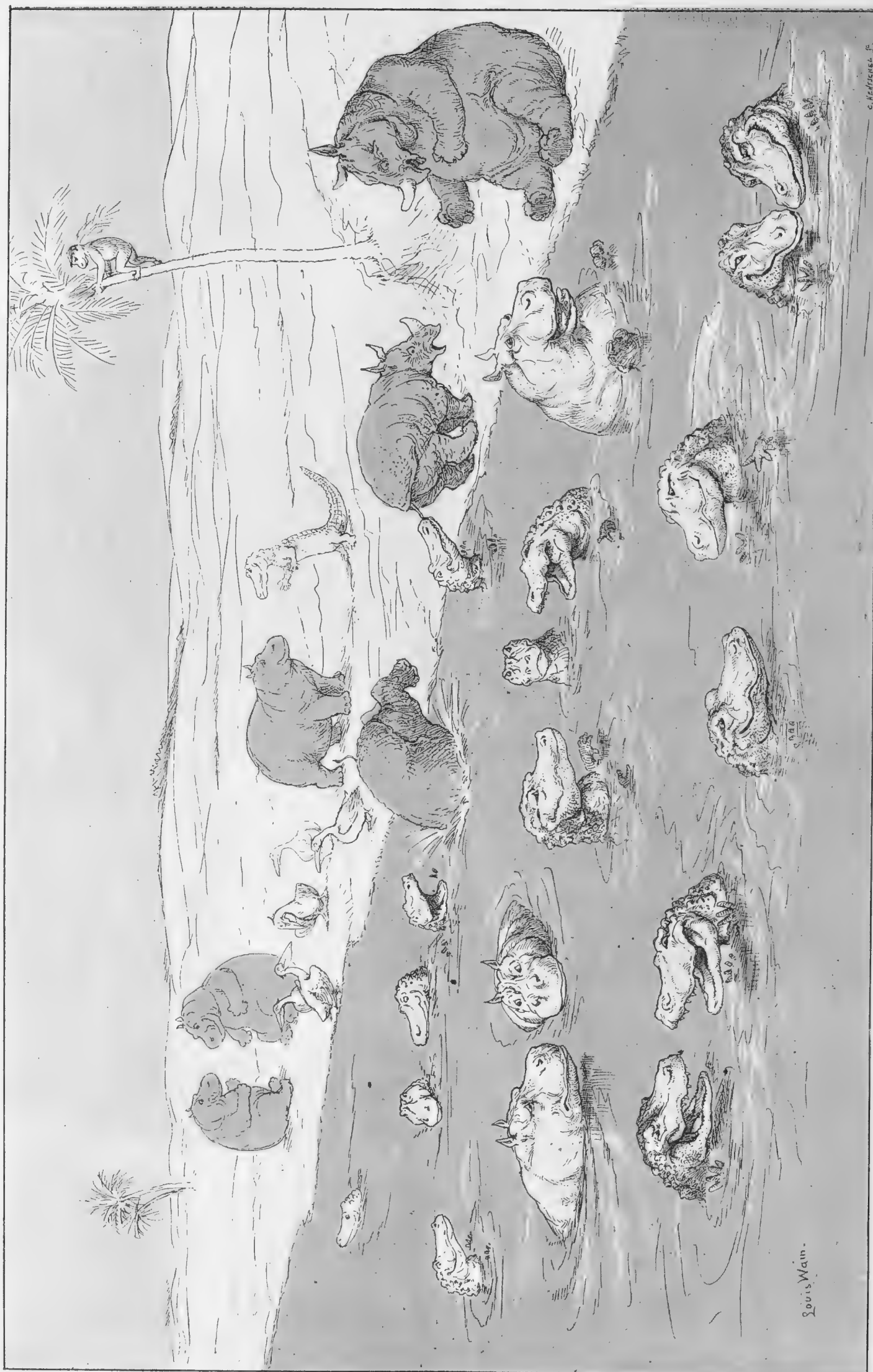




THE EVOLUTION OF A MATHEMATICIAN.



BEGGAR : Give me a trifle, sir, for the love of God ! I am starving.  
 GENTLEMAN : I can sympathise with you, my man ; if that waiter doesn't hurry up with my steak,  
 I shall be in the same predicament,



AN "AT HOME" ON THE NILE.



## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XLIX.



דבר בעתו מה טוב משלי טו' כ"ג \* A word in its season how good it is. \* Proverbs, chap. 15, ver. 23.

No. 1.]

כ"ח מרחשון תרנ"ו לפק' NOVEMBER 12th, 5602.—1811.

[Pence 2d.]

It is no exaggeration to say that the *Jewish Chronicle*, that substantial twopenny weekly newspaper which is to be found in almost every Jewish household on a Friday night, holds a unique place in journalism: it supplies a real want in the community; in London it may be said to link the East and West Jews; and wherever English-speaking Hebrews are settled, from South Africa to Australia, the Chinese ports, India, and the most remote towns, there will the *Jewish Chronicle* be found. It boasts subscribers in Kingston, Jamaica; Paramaribo; St. Thomas, West Indies; Dunedin; Ondtshoorn; British Honduras; Salisbury, Mashonaland; Guayaquil; Buluwayo; Iquique; Philipopolis; Vryheid; Panama; Suva, Fiji; Zeerust—just to quote a few out-of-the-way places.

It is more than fifty years since the paper was called into being, and, as may readily be imagined, it has undergone many transitions since Nov. 12, 1841, when the first number appeared—a slim quarto, which, though very cordially received at the time, strikes us now as a rather feeble effort, and lacking in interest. The two Hebrew words placed above the title of *Jewish Chronicle* signify the Book of Chronicles, and are suggested by the reference in the Book of Esther to the Book of Chronicles read aloud to King Ahasuerus on the night when slumber was denied him, and a wag has whispered to me that this title was chosen because this present-day Book of Chronicles might still be calculated to bring sleep to a wakeful man. But this joke is only meant in good part, for the paper always possesses a very keen interest for Jews.

The first editors of the *Jewish Chronicle* were the Rev. David Meldola, the head of the congregation of Spanish and Portuguese Jews, and Mr. Moses Angel, who for over fifty years has held the position of Head Master of the Jews' Free School. Matter was divided into four distinct parts—(a) religious and moral instruction, (b) local intelligence, historical information, and facts exclusively Jewish, (c) original articles, (d) text-books. Presumably as an attraction to the first subscribers, a Hebrew and English Hagadah (service for the first two nights of Passover), and a Hebrew and English Biblical and Rabbinical Dictionary, were issued in parts with the early numbers. Local intelligence is a feature which is still well represented in the present day (though the present *Jewish Chronicle* certainly does not include text-books); and throughout the career of the paper one can trace the proceedings of the numerous congregations—metropolitan, provincial, continental, and colonial; and the steady rise and growth of the various Jewish charities, many of which are now held up as shining examples to all charitable organisations. An interesting item of news in the first number of the *Jewish Chronicle* which now lies before me is the announcement that "A special prayer will be offered up to Divine Providence upon the occasion of the safe delivery of her Majesty and the birth of a Prince" (the present Prince of Wales). It is curious to note that in the youth of the *Jewish Chronicle* religious homilies, Jewish history, poetry, anecdotes, and occasional fiction, dealing entirely with the Hebrew race, formed the most prominent features, while the actual communal news of the week was relegated to a small column on the last leaf. The advertisements, too, were of a very limited order, and few and far between. Nowadays the *Chronicle* gives great prominence to communal intelligence, and the record of births, deaths, and marriages, of successes and distinctions won by Jews, and the general personal note of interest, conduce in no small degree to its popularity. As young scholars obtained prizes and distinctions, these facts were duly noted in the *Chronicle*, and though it may seem a very small matter to announce that a boy has matriculated or passed a University local, these items form, perhaps, the first record of some life destined to be of great importance to the community. Turning over some old file, for instance, I find that Master George Jessel has won a prize, and thirty years later he is made Master of the Rolls. There is the record of Sir Francis Goldsmid's admission to the Bar; on Aug. 1, 1856, the list of young Jews who have matriculated includes "Hermann Nathan Adler," the present Chief Rabbi; Julian Goldsmid, the present baronet, who has just been made a member of the Privy Council; and Joseph Morris Solomon, the eminent conveyancing counsel. These events, small in themselves, go to make up modern Jewish history, since the life of the community lies in its people.

One of the most curious proofs of the firm hold the *Jewish Chronicle* has taken upon British Jews was furnished some years ago, when a well-known Jewish barrister, who had been a zealous worker in the community, shot himself. Such an event would naturally be set forth in the weekly paper, and readers would look to hear details of the sad tragedy. The widowed mother of the unfortunate man, then nearly eighty years of age, survived him, and the relatives were most anxious that the painful nature of her son's decease should be rigorously guarded from her. "We can withhold all daily and general newspapers," pleaded the family, "but the *Jewish Chronicle* she will assuredly insist on seeing." Eventually, the difficulty was met by a novel method: a single

number of the paper was printed specially for the aged parent, after the whole edition had been issued, and in this unique number nothing further appeared than the ordinary death announcement.

Non-Jewish readers must find the advertisements of this paper somewhat curious: for instance, it is not uncommon to find a death announcement inserted three, or even four times, and couched in almost identical terms, except, perhaps, that the first announcement may conclude with the words, "Father of A, B, and C"; the second, "Brother of D, E, F"; and the third alluding to some other relationship of the deceased. The explanation is that all the relatives desiring to show a mark of respect to the dead man elect to insert an advertisement, each on his own account. Again, "at home" days of middle-class Jews, on the occasion when a lad is confirmed, the date on which a tombstone will be set, and similar personalia, are advertised, since it is a recognised fact that in this way the news will certainly be conveyed to all relatives and friends. "Return thanks" for letters and calls during a week of mourning are also advertised. Recently I was struck by a full column of "return thanks" after the death of an aged lady. There was a large family of wealthy sons, each of whom inserted a notice addressed from residences in Bayswater, Finchley Road, Hampstead, and other well-to-do parts; while brothers and sisters of the deceased lady returned thanks from the less aristocratic quarters of Whitechapel and Bow, East- and West-End Jews thus set cheek by jowl.

The correspondence of the *Jewish Chronicle* of to-day is another of its interesting features. Within the last few months, letters on various topics of the hour have appeared from Sir Samuel Montagu, Sir Julian Goldsmid, Mr. F. D. Mocatta, Mr. B. L. Cohen, M.P., and Mr. Zangwill, while the signatures of Lord Rothschild, the Chief Rabbi, Sir Philip and Lady Magnus, and other men and women of note, are frequently appended to letters. Contributors whose writings have appeared in this paper include Mr. Zangwill, whose clever paper on "The Growth of Respectability," in the Jubilee Supplement, Nov. 13, 1891, has just been translated into German; the late Miss Amy Levy, Sir Philip and Lady Magnus, Mr. Joseph Jacobs, various Jewish journalists whose work is well known on other papers, and nearly every Jewish minister, from the Chief Rabbi downwards.

It may not be amiss to mention that the *Jewish Chronicle* is an entirely commercial undertaking, in the first instance; and the only time when it was not a paying concern was when it was run, nearly thirty years ago, by four of the most prominent men of the community. It is quite independent in its views, the orthodox, the ultra-orthodox, and the reform Jew being all represented. It is the accepted organ of the British Jews, and is comprehensively Semitic. Nothing finds its way into its columns which has not a distinctively Jewish interest. In turning over stray numbers of this paper of more than fifty years' standing, one finds long records of the journeys of the late Sir Moses Montefiore, together with many of his benevolent doings; events concerning various members of the Rothschild family, their philanthropy, their family bereavements, and the honours shown to them; the history of the admission of Jews to Parliament; the persecution of the Jews in Russia; and the internal policy pursued with regard to the Polish refugees settled in the East of London. Some memorable lists of donations to Jewish charities on special occasions may prove to the outside world that, if the Jews amass wealth, they know how to bestow it on those less happily circumstanced than themselves.

What strikes a non-Jewish reader most when perusing the *Chronicle* of to-day is the importance of these people now, and their steady progress and advancement in every direction; yet, in the pages of this practical commercial paper, side by side with the records of the prominent and honoured Jews who have won distinction in arts and letters, who are Members of Parliament, and factors of great importance in the financial world, we find accounts of the impressive solemn services held for the Eastern Jews on the occasion of the great festivals, the struggles of those pathetic creatures driven from their own land, and exiles on account of their religious faith, and the history of the London Ghetto, and with it all the one touch of nature which "makes the whole world kin."



AN AFRICAN KRAAL.

Photo by G. W. Wilson, Ltd., Aberdeen.

## HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

## VIII.—A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

The window of a little stationer's shop, far away in North-East London, exhibited not long ago the following advertisement, written in an old-fashioned, female hand, on half a sheet of note-paper—

*Lessons on the Pianoforte, also in Singing, given by a Professional Lady.  
Sixpence an hour. Apply within.*

It befell, from time to time, that persons did make application, with the result that they were requested to walk into the parlour behind the shop, where the "professional lady" gave them audience. Her name was Miss Withers, her age not more than forty, and she had lost one of her legs. Though in such very humble circumstances, and constrained by poverty to welcome everyone who would engage and pay her to "teach music," Miss Withers had anything but a meek countenance or a naturally subservient manner. Twenty years ago she must have been rather a handsome young woman. Her profile was still good, but premature wrinkles and the wasting of flesh, together with a something which expressed itself in close-shut lips and brows bent over bright though myopic eyes, gave her an aspect not generally found attractive. In speech she was brief, not seldom curt; and her accent, if not that of an educated person, betrayed superiority to those among whom she lived. When the parent of a new pupil sought her out, she would eye him, or her, with keen inspection, and regulate her remarks accordingly. As may be presumed, it rarely happened that she had to deal with people of any intelligence, but stupidity and ignorance have their degrees. Occasionally Miss Withers made a mistake. Perchance she had undertaken to teach a little girl whose parents seemed to her endowed with some measure of reason. She would begin with notes and scales, and so on. At the third lesson, the mother (who had been listening outside the door) would come in with dissatisfied look.

"'Arriet don't seem to be gettin' on very much. When are you goin' to teach her a toon, Miss Withers? Her father says that kind o' plyin' mikes his 'ead ache."

"She shall begin tunes at once," was the teacher's short reply. And forthwith, dropping all methodic instruction, she trained the child (as though some docile animal) to hammer out a familiar melody. The parents applauded, and were willing to recommend Miss Withers to their friends.

Of course, it was not merely by stress of misfortune that Miss Withers had fallen so low. Character is fate, but of necessity we attribute to mortals a share in the shaping of their own ends. This woman had enjoyed some advantages in early life; her mother was a professional singer, her father the proprietor of a panorama; up to the age of ten, she had fairly good schooling and something more than ordinary instruction in music, this seeming to be her strong point. But at that time her mother died, and for the next ten years her father's history was a process of degradation, mainly due to drink. The only child, she did what in her lay to answer her father's hopes; no harshness embittered her young life, and only when she found herself alone in the world did she become entirely dependent on her own exertions.

It need not have been difficult for her to earn a living, whether as singer, instrumentalist, or teacher; but Miss Withers suffered from an overweening sense of her powers and importance; she fretted in a state of subordination, came to grief by taking what seemed a short cut to independence. Scorning the lower walks of the vocalist's profession, she had attached herself to a provincial concert company, and was living in moderate comfort, when the wealthy son of a wealthier father (commercial folk) made her acquaintance, and offered her marriage. The splendid prospect proved too much for her, and certain indiscretions—nothing worse—led first to the postponement, then to the final defeat of her hopes. Unhappily for the girl, her quondam lover offered pecuniary compensation, thus suggesting a step she would probably not have taken if left to her mere chagrin. She consulted a speculative solicitor, and brought an action for breach of promise, in which she was awarded five hundred pounds.

A fatal success. To begin with, the publicity of the case had nourished all the worst elements of her character: vulgar flattery debased her ambitions, and the week's notoriety ruined her self-respect. As often happens at such a juncture, she received offers of marriage by the score. Feeling that the future was in any case assured, she lived for some months in luxury and waste, and was surrounded by precisely the people it would have been well for her to avoid. When her means ran low, she surveyed the list of possible husbands—now diminished. The proprietor of a hotel ultimately won and wedded her. He, as it happened, was on the point of bankruptcy, and in a year's time the ambitious woman had no choice but to work as manageress in a much smaller establishment, to which with difficulty they had got appointed.

Followed gloom, decline, and squalor. Her husband drank; she did likewise. In a quarrel one night, she was thrown down the stairs, and so badly injured that one of her legs had to be amputated. The allowance she extorted from her husband was poor consolation, and in wretched solitude, unable to appear as a musician, knowing that her voice had failed, she naturally betook herself to the bottle. At nine-and-twenty, when widowhood brought a new event into the life of sordid monotony, she had neither health nor prospects. Her childless condition might, or might not, have aided the downfall which she herself was accustomed to contemplate with a bitter defiance.

Strange to say, the fear of destitution did her good. She was not so far degraded as to let herself sink into the slough of mendicancy, and she shrank in horror from the workhouse. Still possessed of some self-control, she changed her locality, changed her name, and began a struggle for existence as a music-teacher. Help from old acquaintances was out of the question; she must subsist, if at all, on the patronage of the lowest class that paid for music-lessons, people who made no inquiries, and were satisfied or not on their own judgment of results. Years had gone by, and Miss Withers—it was not even her own maiden name—kept body and soul together. Of her petty earnings, she spent more in liquid than in solid sustenance, but, by whatever grace, could not be called a drunkard; most people with whom she came in contact suspected her of nothing worse than semi-starvation.

After many changes of abode, she was fortunately settled with a family in some slight degree civilised; people who gave her a garret, the use of the parlour with its piano, and occasional food, in return for five shillings a-week and music-lessons to three girls. These pupils were almost the only ones whom Miss Withers had permission to teach properly. Her sixpenny hours brought her in daily contact with strange forms of vanity and doltishness. Sometimes the pupil had no piano at home, and must be taught in the parlour behind the shop; but, as a rule, the desire for lessons came as the result of possessing an instrument, which had been procured merely for exhibition. The newly wedded wife would dispense with anything rather than with a piano. Miss Withers gave her lessons in singular places: in garrets above, and cellars below; bed-sitting-rooms, kitchen-sitting-rooms, bed-kitchen-sitting-rooms, over stables, at the rear of rag-and-bottle shops, amid filth, stench, every shape of brutal uncleanness. And, by very scorn of the people whose imbecility supported her, she was saved from some of her own vices. "Oh, the fools! Oh, the mean, dirty fools!" Thus did she mutter to herself, day after day, in going from lesson to lesson.

"A tune?" she once exclaimed to a fat woman clad in silk, who grumbled that her all but idiot child could "ply" nothing after the second hour; "what tune shall I teach her? Will 'Sing a Song of Sixpence' do?"

The fat woman had no sense of irony, and said *that* would be better than nothing.

## A NEW BELGIAN VIOLINIST.

Mdlle. Irma Sethe, the young Belgian violinist who has just made her London debut, is a very favourite pupil of M. Eugène Ysaye, and so highly does that virtuoso think of her powers that she has for some time acted as his substitute when he is absent from the Brussels Conservatoire, though she is not yet out of her teens. Mdlle. Sethe was born in Brussels in April 1876, and, inheriting her musical talents from her mother (also a clever fiddler), she may be said to have been developing them ever since she was a baby, and ere she was five years of age had been placed under the tuition of M. O. Jokisch. After three months' study she could play one of Mozart's sonatas, and when only ten was allowed to play at a benefit concert at Marchiennes, in Belgium, where her performance brought her many offers of engagements. However, her mother was too anxious for the physical and artistic welfare of her daughter to allow her to accept any, and until she was fourteen she continued to study quietly under M. Jokisch. Then, by the advice of friends and fellow-artists, she decided to study under M. Ysaye, and, after only eight months with him at the Royal Conservatoire of Music in her native city, Mdlle. Sethe carried off a most brilliant first at the Annual Concours in '91, though she continued her studies unremittently until last year. In 1894 she played duets with her master in public, and towards the end of that year made an extensive tour in Germany, always gaining most distinguished successes, and producing a deep and lasting impression on all who heard her. "Work and progress" has ever been her motto, and her colleagues have always been among her most ardent admirers, one of them stating that Ysaye once declared before all his class, after her performance of Ernst's Concerto in F Minor, that "she will soon be able to give us lessons." Mdlle. Sethe is a graceful and artistically beautiful girl, with fair, wavy hair, and classic features, and a mouth and chin showing as much determination as her eyes and brow evince capacity for music.



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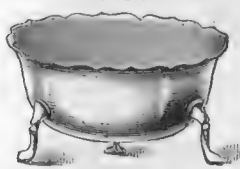


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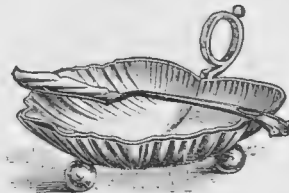
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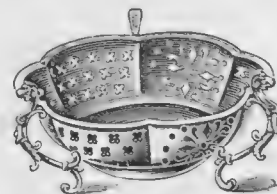
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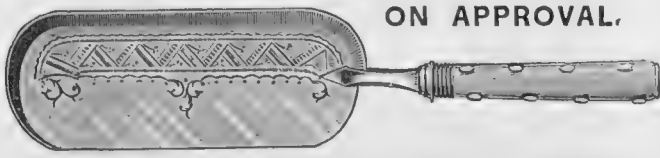
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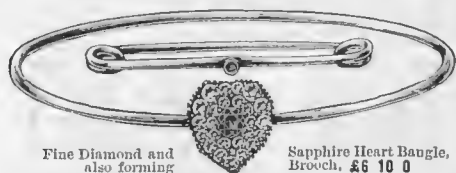
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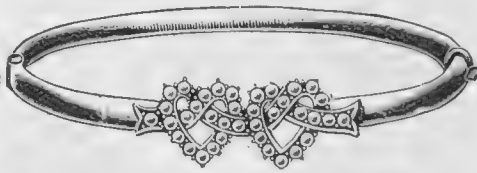
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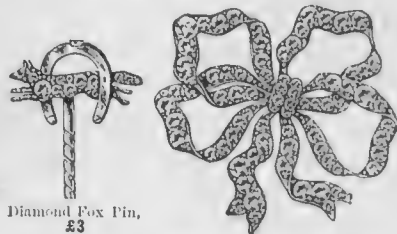
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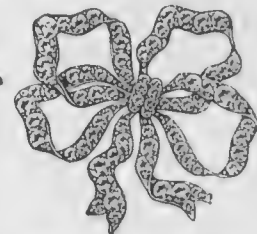
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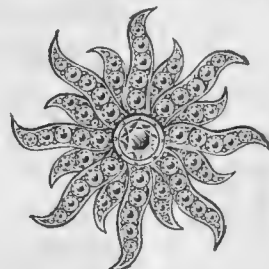
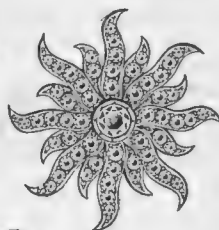
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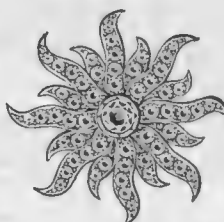
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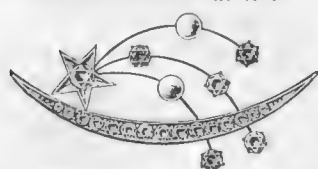
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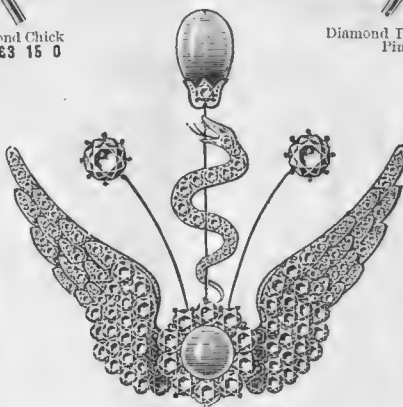
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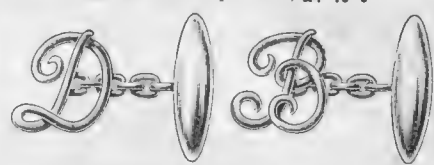
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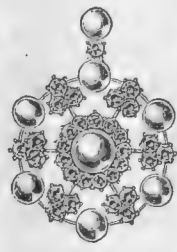
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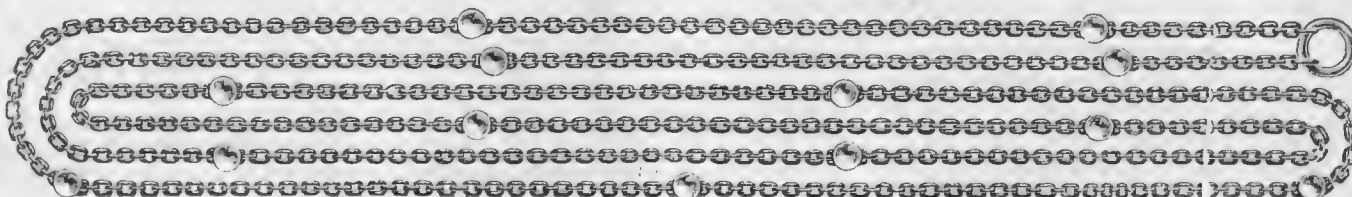
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## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

People have not yet stopped talking about the dreadful fiasco at Millwall the other day, when Preston, the team with such a proud past, fell before the Millwall Athletic by no fewer than 9 goals to 1. It was such a remarkable circumstance that it is quite possible we have heard by no means the last about what can only be called a deplorable fiasco.

Under any circumstances, the visits of big League clubs to play little Southern clubs will assuredly henceforth be fewer and farther between. For my part, they could well have been put a stop to years ago. It must surely stand to reason that less and less interest is centred in them commensurate with the increased interest aroused in League and Cup matches.

It may be matter for regret to some, but it is none the less patent, that presently no football match will be worth witnessing saying something depend upon the result—that is to say, the element of "tournament" must dominate the football world. Friendlies, after all, are mere exhibition displays more or less serious. When a great Northern team comes down and wins, it is taken as quite the natural thing; if it loses, then it is accused of "not trying"; so under either circumstance the London club which plays against the visitors cannot possibly receive any credit. The only friendly matches worth the looking at are those between the League clubs on the one side and an amateur eleven on the other.

It has from time to time been suggested that an ending be made to the series of engagements between London and Sheffield. After the latest anniversary, last Wednesday, I do not think there will be many dissentients from that proposition. Last year Sheffield won by the small matter of 10 goals to 0. This time they won by 2 to 0, but it might easily have been 10 to 0 again, and probably would have been had the match been played at Sheffield instead of Leyton—which, by the way, is in neither city. The London team was, as usual, unrepresentative, the Old Boy element being conspicuous by its absence—and everybody knows what wretchedly inept stuff amateur football is in the South when you take away the Old Boys. There is hardly a breath of interest in county matches at any time, either under Rugby or Association rules. It was considered that London *v.* Sheffield claimed some attention from the public, but it is very rapidly losing it.

Football at the Universities is being taken at a gallop, match following match with charming frequency, and it may be added, with surprising results. If there be any consistency in any of the four teams; it is characteristic only of the Light Blue fifteen, which has suffered defeat from but one club—Newport. Every other team that Cambridge has opposed has proved inferior to the Cantabs; and one of their best performances was the draw with Blackheath, this being the first time that the famous Heathens had failed to score or win. On Wednesday Rosslyn Park were the victims, to the merry tune of 2 goals and 3 tries to nil, which should be decisive enough for anybody.

Oxford, on the other hand, have been as puzzling as a common or garden railway sandwich. They go down one week, and they come up smiling the next, so that there is always a touch of excitement and speculation as to what they are going to do next. Under the Association code a high point of excellence is not reached. Both Blues, it is very clear, are much below usual form, the superiority, if any, seeming to rest with the Light Blues, who are smarter. Still, there looks more grit about the Dark ones, and, after all, grit is an important factor to success in inter-Varsity battles.

The situation in regard to the Leagues is still strangely curious. Idiomatically speaking, there is hardly a pin to choose between Aston Villa, Bolton Wanderers, and Derby County for the First Division honours, while, in the second class, the issue would seem to rest between Liverpool, Manchester City, and Newcastle United. My own preferences are for Aston Villa and Liverpool, but I may be wrong in both impressions.

The Ngai Tu Ahuriri Club was formed in 1892, and the members consist solely of natives of the Kaiapoi Maori Pah, located some fifteen miles from Christchurch, New Zealand. J. H. W. Uru, the well-known Maori athlete, was elected captain on the club's formation—a post which he has filled ever since. The club became affiliated to the Canterbury Rugby Union, and entered a team for the Junior Flag in 1893, but met with little success. In 1894 they were more

successful, winning the majority of the matches played. The team, which during this period acquired a thorough knowledge of Rugby Football, is a heavy one, averaging over twelve stone. The men quickly adapted themselves to the game, and picked up the finer points in the play, becoming formidable opponents to the other junior teams playing under the auspices of the Canterbury Rugby Union. They went through the season just closed without suffering a single defeat, thereby winning the Junior Championship of the province, and the ease with which their matches were won speaks well for the club's future. The first fifteen, during the latter part of the season, toured the North Island of New Zealand, meeting some really strong teams, with the result that they were never defeated. It is the intention of the club to compete next season for the Union's Senior Championship, and it is anticipated they will occupy a prominent position among the competitors at the close of the competition.

## SWIMMING.

One of the proposals to be considered by the Amateur Swimming Association reads as follows: "No professional is to be allowed to make an amateur handicap; balance-sheets of all benefit galas must be submitted to the district executive; limitation of speeches at the hours of sitting for A.S.A. meetings; a recognised swimming-costume for ladies; and abolition of the six vice-presidents for each district of the A.S.A." Plenty to occupy the attention here!

## CRICKET.

The visit of the Australian cricketers to England next season is now assured. By my Colonial exchanges, I learn that a meeting of the Australian Cricket Council has been held at Sydney, when the proposition of Mr. W. Whitridge, of the South Australia C.C.—"That the year 1896 is an opportune time for the visit of the next Australian eleven to England"—was carried.

There was only one dissentient, this being Mr. H. H. Budd, of Victoria. It was a bold action on the part of Mr. Budd, but the nature of his remarks certainly justified his opposition. He said he did not think Australia was fit to meet All England, as they had no new blood since Mr. Stoddart's team was there. He, in short, thought the visit ought to be postponed till 1897. Mr. Budd was evidently not carried away by the enthusiasm of his colleagues. An Australian visit did not satisfy him simply because it *was* an Australian visit. Like a sensible man, he looked into the future, and thought he foresaw a crushing series of disasters for his country over here. The compliment to English cricket will be appreciated.

But when one comes to carefully look into the facts of the case, it would seem that Mr. Budd's fears on this score can be easily removed. After all, it is a moot question—a very moot question—as to whether the form shown against Mr. Stoddart's team will not do. We won three out of the five test-matches, it is true; but, after all, did we show any great superiority? Did we show any superiority at all? That is the great



MAORI FOOTBALLERS.

Photo by Standish and Preece, Christchurch, New Zealand.



question. Personally, I don't think we did. I thought at the time, and reflection strengthens my conviction, that Australia was aggravatingly unlucky to lose the majority of these test-matches. There is no doubt that the weather alone got us home in the first game. When the Australians won, they won decisively. Their batting was always consistent. When we won, it was, metaphorically speaking, by the skin of our teeth. The only great quality we exhibited was pluck.

However, as it has been decided to send over the eleven, it would be idle to pursue the argument further. It was resolved that the management of the team should be vested in an executive committee, consisting of the manager and two members of the team, one of whom was to be the captain for the time being. It was further decided that the conditions under which the team was to visit us should, in the first instance, receive the approval of the Council, and that the manager should furnish a report on the tour to the Council. Needless to say, Mr. C. W. Alcock, the well-known secretary of the Surrey County Cricket Club, will arrange the series of matches, as usual, and a communication to this effect has already been sent him. Contrary to usual custom, the United States will be visited first, and it has now been decided that the team shall disband not later than some time in next November. I can only say I wish the tour success.

#### GOLF.

Mr. H. W. Bainbridge, the Warwickshire County Cricket Club captain, is one of the best golf-players in the Streetly Club. There is a membership of about one hundred and eighty.

It is expected that, by next spring, the Burntisland course, which is being extended to eighteen holes, will be in working order. There are three quarries in the new portion, and the longest hole will be 433 yards, and the shortest 180.

A new links has been laid out at Woolacombe Bay, in North Devon, the course consisting of nine holes. Intending visitors should apply to the honorary secretary of the club, the Rev. J. W. Cruikshanks, at the headquarters, the Woolacombe Bay Hotel. Recent visitors have been highly satisfied with the condition of the course.

Willie Fernie, the Troon professional, has just astonished the golfing world. In a bold advertisement, he states his intention to visit the principal clubs in England and Scotland, prepared to teach a perfect swing by a new method which he has just perfected. "Ferne (Champion Golfer, 1883), guarantees to impart to any pupil, lady or gentleman, in one hour's lesson, a swing which cannot be learned in years of practice by ordinary methods."

Too much importance cannot be attached to the swing of the club. One might just as well ask a man to play scientific cricket who has never been taught how to hold a bat. Fernie has already tried his invention, with great success, on a number of novices, and I, for one, wish him well in his enterprise, especially as it may tend to the improvement of the game.

The other day a very interesting golf match took place between W. H. Brockwell and H. Luff (Wisden's) on the one side, and G. W. Ayres and Maurice Read on the other. This will throw some light on the way our crack cricketers spend their time during the winter. Playing two rounds, the game was "all square" at the seventeenth hole, but in the end Maurice the evergreen and Ayres got home first by one up. I understand that a return match will shortly be played. It shows you how good it is to be a slogger!

#### ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

I learn that, in view of the proposed International Cross-country Match and of the Scottish Cross-country Championships, efforts are being made in Scotland to arrive at a settlement of the difficulty that has arisen between the Scottish A.A.A. and the newly formed Scottish A.A. Union. The Scottish C.C.U. are suggesting that it might be advisable, and in the interest of amateur sport over the Border, for both Association and Union men to be permitted to compete in those cross-country events referred to.

On Tuesday next, Dec. 3, Oxford meets Cambridge at cross-country, and much interest is being centred in the event. For a rough summing-up of the situation, I should say that form points to the success of the Light Blues; but, then, how often can form be relied on when Blues meet Blues? Still, cross-country and athletics are not like cricket and football, and it is possible that in this case form will be vindicated.

The 'Varsities will again be very busy this ensuing week. At Cambridge, Peterhouse will to-morrow hold their sports (with a One Mile Strangers' Handicap); and on Dec. 2 the St. Catherine's sports (including a 440 Yards Strangers' Handicap) will be decided. At Oxford to-morrow there will be brought off the events of Queen's College (with a One Mile Strangers' Handicap), and on Tuesday those of Hertford College (with a 100 Yards Strangers' Handicap).

I am told that Banker, the famous cyclist, is returning to Yankeeland for the winter's rest. For once in a way, Banker has not carried everything before him. To use an obvious joke, he has met with checks.

Nat Perry, the famous L.A.C. time-keeper, and popular fellow in ordinary, has just left London for Athens, where his services will be utilised for the Olympian Games. He is expected home again in four or five months.

The *Australian Cyclist* will not be accused of want of candour. I read:—"It was at once agreed by all that Mr. Zimmerman was not only a rider, but a right-out jolly good fellow. Mrs. Z., who accompanies her husband, is a charming little lady, such a one as so excellent a man as Zim. evidently deserves to pilot him through life." And what has "Mrs. Z." to say of the *Australian Cyclist*? OLYMPIAN.

#### RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

In the opening week of the New Year the entries for the Spring Handicaps will be published, and it is easy to guess that these will be much larger than usual, as the foreigners are intent on annexing some of our big prizes in 1896. It is to be hoped that our handicappers will, for the future, handicap foreign horses entirely on the form previously shown in their own country, and the same with Irish horses. It is passing strange that on many occasions during a racing season the Irish division can, by their own "rule of three," reduce winning to a certainty. How it is done is a puzzle to Englishmen, but that it is done is known only too well by many of our bookmakers.

"Like father, like son," is an appropriate adage—at least, so far as the racing world is concerned. The Cannons, Chalonsers, Waughes, Enochs, Jenningses, Porters, Bateses, Osbornes, and Pecks are examples of families wherein sons follow their father's calling. Mr. Robert Peck, who was a master in the art of training, long since retired on a competence, but his two sons, Charles and Percy Peck, carry on the father's profession to-day. Percy Peck, like his brother, received a public school education. He started training, in charge of Sir Blundell Maple's stud, at Falmouth House, and led back some good winners for the



PERCY PECK.

Photo by Clarence Hailey, St. John's Wood.

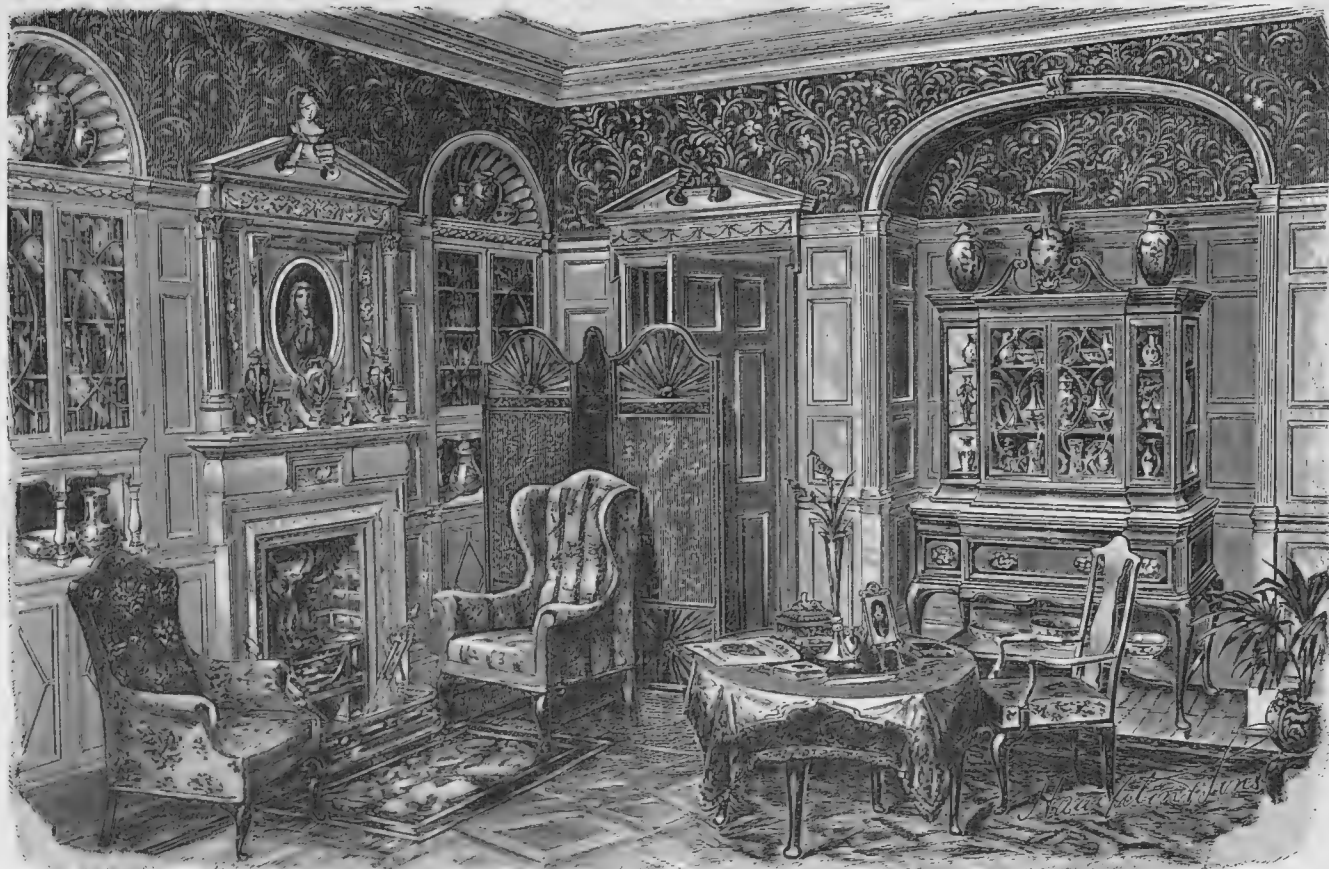
popular knight of Tottenham Court Road. After leaving Falmouth House, Mr. Percy Peck settled down at Exning as private trainer for the Earl of Durham, for whom he has won some races, although, it must be said, many of the horses under his charge cannot be up to the top class. It was a disappointment to all concerned when Son o' Mine cut up so badly in the Cesarewitch, for which race he was heavily backed by the public. But I should say the horse had given his trainer a deal of anxiety and trouble, and it may be that he is far from the animal he was supposed to be in his early three-year-old days. Lord Durham is such a thorough sportsman that many racegoers would rejoice to see him with some classic winners, and I am very glad to hear that the young stock owned by his lordship is very promising.

I do hope Clerks of Courses will not inflict too many National Hunt flat races this winter. It simply passes all comprehension how horses when ridden by amateurs can alter their running as they do. Many of the stay-at-home "S. P." bookmakers positively decline to do business on any race confined to gentlemen riders, and what surprises me is to think that backers can be found to bet on hunters' flat races at all. But the greatest paradox of all is this: many amateurs can hold their own against professionals in hurdle-races and steeplechases, yet when the same gentlemen are steering favourites in National Hunt flat races they fail to get them home.

The flat-race season of '95 has been a very busy one, but it cannot be said that the quality of the horses running has been over the average—at least, not in the handicap class. The three-year-olds were a poor lot, and the classical winners are hardly likely to shine as four-year-olds. It may be that the two-year-olds were better than many thought, and such as St. Frusquin, Galeozio, Bucephalus, Persimmon, and one or two trained at Kingsclere, may run creditably next year. But the days of winter prognostications and winter betting have gone, and it will be sufficient to talk seriously of the classic races of '96 when the eve of the Two Thousand week is reached. We should not, in any case, forget that next year is likely to be a busy one for "dark" horses.



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## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mrs. Meynell has published a selection of poems from Mr. Coventry Patmore's works, and Mr. Heinemann issues it in very satisfactory form. As she explains in her introduction, Mrs. Meynell aims at giving the poems of pathos and delight Mr. Patmore has written, and in consequence the narrative pieces are left out. She omits to mention that another selection has already been made, and that with exquisite grace and skill, by Richard Garnett. Indeed, Dr. Garnett's selection is much to be preferred to her own; it contains everything she gives, and much that she does not give, but which is essential for any complete understanding of Mr. Patmore as a poet. On the other hand, Dr. Garnett, with characteristic self-effacement, contributes no preface. Mrs. Meynell has written an introduction which, like all her work, is well worth reading, although a keener sense of humour would have improved it. I object, however, to the principle on which this selection is made. Mr. Patmore's poetical work falls under two very clear divisions. When he wrote the books by which he first gained his vogue, he was a Protestant, with Catholic inclinations, doubtless, but without Catholic convictions. The division of his poetry beginning with "The Unknown Eros" is meant to be Catholic, and is so to a considerable degree. Any proper arrangement of his pieces must be made on a chronological principle. It is, I suppose, with Mr. Patmore's acquiescence that she omits all quotation from his first and very little-known collection of verses—a collection which shows him in a new and startling light which need not be further indicated. But, upon the whole, those who wish to know Mr. Patmore ought to read his poems in full, and the whole charm of the narrative poems is missed by those who read them in selections. Mr. Patmore might have been a great Catholic poet and prose-writer if he had not absolutely lacked the cardinal Catholic virtue of humility.

Of the violent kind of modern fiction a striking example has been published lately in Mr. Heinemann's "International Library." It is Gemma Feruggia's "Woman's Folly," and the English translation is by Miss Helen Zimmern. Mr. Gosse, the editor of the series, as usual writes an introduction. He evidently does not like the book—not surprising—and I think he cannot have read more than a chapter or two of it. He treats it as a disagreeable but interesting attack on Man. "To the uplifted sensibility of Gemma Feruggia, Man is wholly the accursed thing. In youth and in age, in poverty and in wealth, handsome or ugly, clever or stupid, the male is inevitably sordid, sensual, treasonable, weak, and criminal." As a matter of fact, it is a hysterical but powerful—now and again the terms are not mutually exclusive—study of three unhappy women, one of a rebelliously passionate nature, who married beneath her; another coldly fierce, who made a loveless marriage, and killed her husband; a third *dévote*, yet very human, who took the veil after she had suffered the disgrace of loving, not wisely but too well, a man who spurned her. The specimens of the other sex are poor things enough, but, to do Gemma Feruggia justice, she does not put all the blame of her women's tragedies on them. The women are untamed—one at war with whatever thwarts her passions; another a mediæval survival, with the humanity left out; the third besotted with superstition, and the less able to cope with the mad blood in her veins. It is a study of atavism, morbidity, degeneration, savagery, louder, hotter in tone than we Northerners can well bear. But it is not what Mr. Gosse says it is. Even if he has rightly divined its intentions, it tells us quite another tale.

The newest volume of the "Canterbury Poets" is a pleasant collection of "Songs and Ballads of Sport" (W. Scott). The editor, Mr. Tomlinson, has gone busily up and down to poets old and new, whose verse has the zest of active life in it, not neglecting the poets' corners of the athletic journals; and he has found that all our national, and most of our imported sports, have had their laureates, their deputy-laureates, and their minor bards. Somehow we lose our fierce scorn of the minor bard when he stops trilling about the soul, and carols instead about cricket or skating. Of course, there are names of eminence here, Izaak Walton, Kingsley, Adam Lindsay Gordon, and Tom Tod; but some of lesser fame have written cheery things on curling and foot-racing and cycling, and, without being too fastidious, Mr. Tomlinson has been able to keep to a fairly high literary standard in his selection. But the poet is an indolent creature, and it is not surprising, therefore, that the gems of the collection are the angling songs. There is nothing else so beautiful as Stoddart's "Old Wand"—

In the chamber made divine  
By love and faith, lay up thy rod.

When the wielder's arm is weak,  
And care's fever is at height;  
In the watches of the night,  
'Mid the silence it will speak.

Whispering with bated breath  
Of a valley and a stream,  
Leading to a land of dream.

But this part of the anthology will soon be rivalled by a volume of "Fishing Songs," edited by a young Scot, which Mr. Lang is going to bring out soon.

The human nature is not all of a forbidding kind that is exhibited in Major Arthur Griffiths' "Criminals I Have Known" (Chapman). I take it the stories are all from real life, and have been but little

embellished for purposes of entertainment and edification. One might not like to spend one's life among this kind of society, but a casual meeting with it is not altogether shocking or depressing. There are fiends among them; but there are also humorists and some heroes, to one of whom, Flippy Sam, "the Aristocratic Tramp," one can but feel most kindly. After a false accusation of forgery by his family—his brother was the criminal—he took to a wandering life, and, as the land doesn't allow such eccentricity, his tramps were varied by close confinement in jail. Lovers of the open air will read his speech from the dock with keen sympathy. The romance of his story would supply any searching novelist with an excellent plot. In fact, the book is a mine of suggestion for story-writers.

O. O.

## MR. WATKIN MILLS.

The accompanying recent portrait of Mr. Watkin Mills will interest the many friends of the well-known baritone. This season will be a particularly busy time for Mr. Mills, as his singing engagements are extremely numerous. He has lately taken to some Wagner selections which exactly suit his voice. A Canadian newspaper called Mr. Watkin Mills "the man with the rolling voice." It was his first journey to the



MR. WATKIN MILLS.

Photo by Herbert Simpson, Toronto.

Dominion, which has not been favoured by visits from many famous singers. He gave his recitals with extreme success, the idea of one man virtually sustaining alone a programme lasting two hours being quite novel to Canadians. Mr. Mills was delighted with the atmosphere of Winnipeg, and felt that he could sing with greater ease there than even in Italy. At the Cincinnati Festival, where he had appeared on a previous tour, he achieved even more popularity than had been accorded to him before. His varied recitals were again a feature. "Grand heroic arias from Handel, at once dignified and florid; glowing songs from Gounod, alive with tropical fervour; gentle English ballads, freighted with the most well-regulated (*sic*) sentiment; Irish comic songs, English soldier-songs, and jocular drinking-songs certainly afforded opportunity to tax and to display the artist's gifts and attainments." That is how a well-known American critic sums up Mr. Watkin Mills's programmes. It may interest some if a selection from one of these programmes is given. Five operatic airs commence it, drawn from the works of Handel, Mozart, Righini, and Gounod. Part II. consists of "I rage, I melt, I burn," "Honour and Arms," "Thou'rt passing hence," "Maid of Athens," "Speed on, my barque," and "Still as the night"; and Part III. is composed of "In cellar cool," "A hundred pipers," "Father O'Flynn," "All through the night," and concludes with "Here's a health unto his Majesty." No one could reasonably complain of lack of variety.



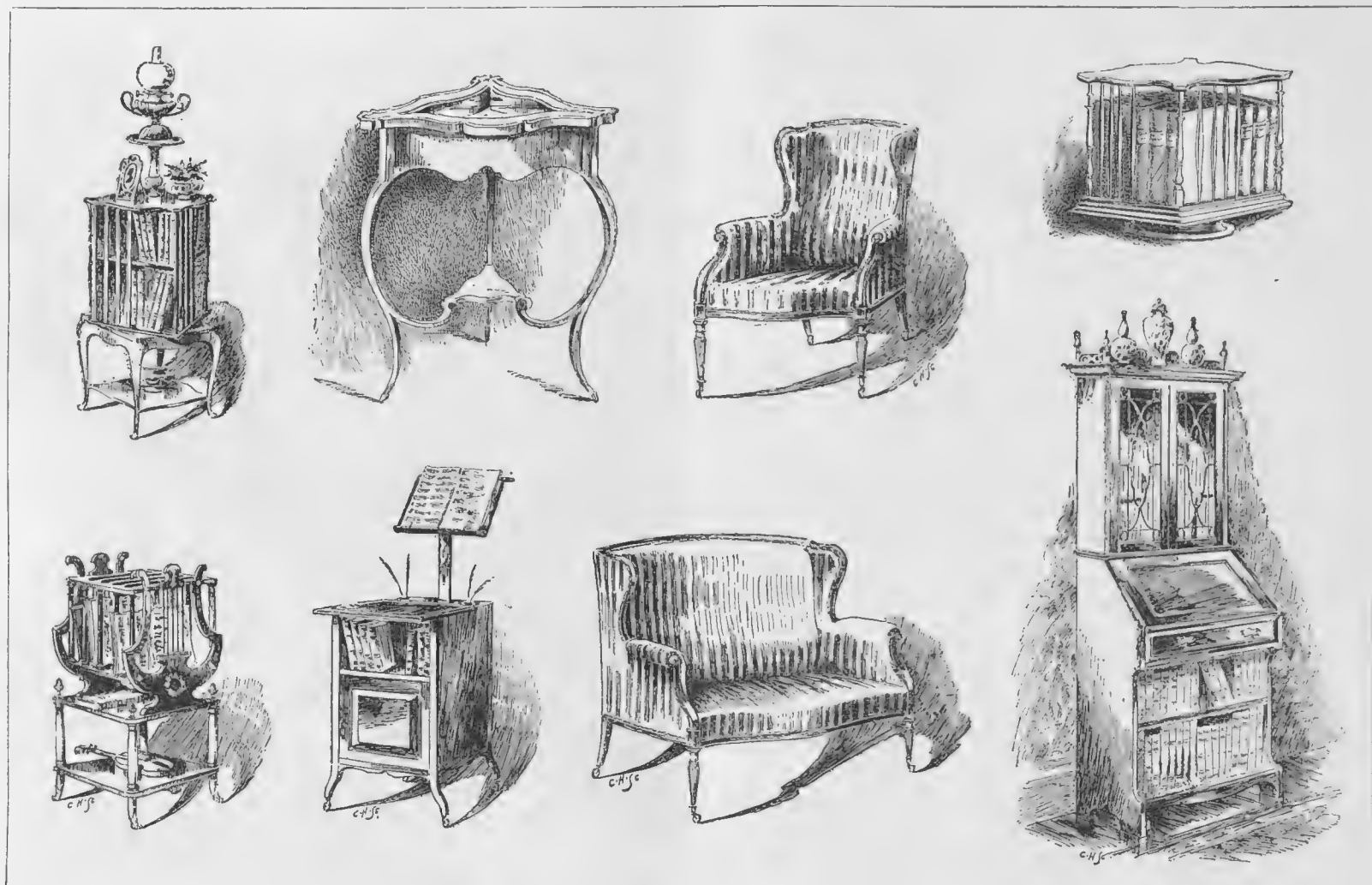
## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## SHOPPING WITH SANTA CLAUS.

For the time being, my occupation is, not gone, but changed, for once more the great and genial King Santa Claus has claimed my company and special attention, in order that, when the fulness of time has come, you may be in a position to do him full honour. True, his reign is very short, but it is a merry and, withal, somewhat an expensive one, by reason of the taxes levied in the name of custom and good-fellowship and the like, so it only remains for us to pay them with as good a grace as possible, and obtain, in return, as much gratification and as many privileges as the circumstances permit.

And, though I can never quite feel to its full extent the superior Scriptural blessedness which is said to be the portion of those who give, there is, undoubtedly, a vast amount of pleasure to be obtained from the giving of Christmas presents to those we esteem and love; as for duty gifts, I have nothing to say, but every present should, I think, be chosen

Where furniture was concerned, Santa Claus and I were of one mind, and, by mutual consent, found our way to Pall Mall East, and to those great premises bearing the name of Messrs. Hampton and Sons, for experience had proved that their palatial size and aspect were in distinct contrast to the pleasing moderation of their prices, and that it was not necessary to be the possessor of a very long purse before you dared to participate in the benefits of their perfectly artistic taste. I always affirm, and I shall do so to the end of the chapter, that the best is the cheapest, and Hampton's is one of the examples. Take, for instance, one of our sketches—the handsome revolving bookcase in mahogany, from which rises a lamp-stand which, being connected with the stand, remains immovable always. This is actually only four guineas, and, if you want to make it complete, I should strongly advise the additional purchase of the particularly graceful little brass lamp in the shape of a Grecian vase, which is made doubly notable by a patent extinguishing arrangement and the modest price of 7s. 6d., this including, you must know, the chimney and shade. Needless to say, this would be



FURNITURE AT MESSRS. HAMPTON AND SONS'.

with a special view to the tastes and requirements of the recipient, and how can we do this if we leave everything till the last moment, and find ourselves struggling units in a crowd of belated present-seekers, who snatch frantically at any and every pretty thing, and apportion them afterwards as best they can? Santa Claus expressed himself as greatly aggrieved and affronted by this state of things, and though I pointed out to him that procrastination in matters of this kind seemed an inborn quality of human nature—and particularly feminine human nature—he was not appeased, for he considered that his dignity was hurt by this unseemly rush. However, I promised better things this year on your behalf, and I now have to offer you an account of my personally conducted tour through his domain as represented by some of our favourite shops, for this little guide may be the means of sending you by a straight short-cut to the desired goal, and so save you from some useless wandering. And as, above all things, this is a practical age, we will do well to choose our gifts with a view to their useful as well as their ornamental qualities, and therefore I think we cannot do better than give our first attention to some small household gods, whose divinity is not hedged about with too high a price; for as during this last year the number of Hymen's votaries has been legion, we must, one and all of us, know of at least one young couple whose new home is not yet so full that it could not accommodate some practical remembrancer; and, indeed, as a matter of fact, the oldest householder can affirm that house-furnishing is a lengthy business, which can be carried on for an indefinite period, extending over many years.

a charming present, and if you have fixed your choice upon a revolving bookcase, but would prefer a lower price, you are provided for by the one—still in mahogany—which is content to revolve on any table, bearing a burden of about a dozen books, at a cost of 27s. 6d. So much for any friends devoted to their books. And now, if you feel inclined to expend four guineas on some music-lovers whose store of music is fast exceeding the accommodation, you can bestow upon them the music-cabinet, enriched with Empire decorations in gold, and aptly made in the likeness of a lyre with golden strings, the design, however, being only one of its recommendations, for it is particularly capacious, and there is a shelf underneath, where a violin or bound volumes of music can find a safe resting-place.

The same price marks the little music-stand which rises from a dainty writing-table in walnut or mahogany, the sliding lid revealing, when required, the presence of a rack for paper, pens, and ink, while, underneath, there is a shelf for a few favourite books.

These combination pieces of furniture are always useful, and particularly so in a house where space is a consideration; and I quite fell in love with another example, which in this case took the form of a book-case or china-cupboard—which you will—beneath which opened out a perfectly fitted writing-bureau, while under this again came a drawer and two shelves for books. It was a very handsome piece of furniture, as you may judge by looking at our sketch, and it was, and is, well worth the expenditure of £7 15s. If you have no friend or relative whom you consider worthy of this outlay, let me suggest that you should present

[Continued on page 273.]

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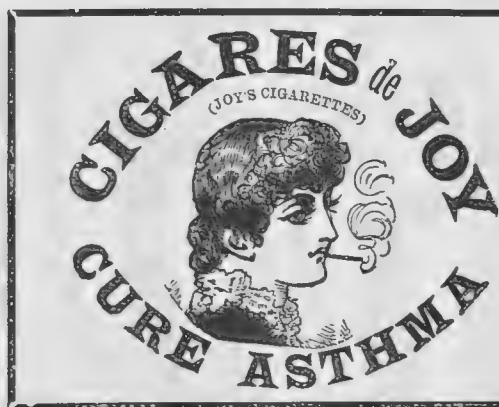


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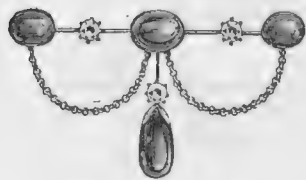
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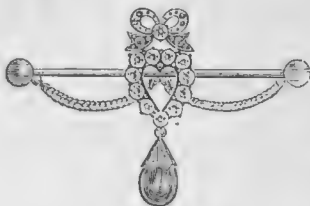
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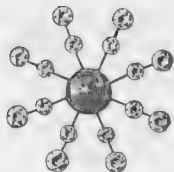
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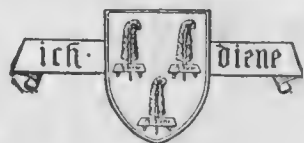
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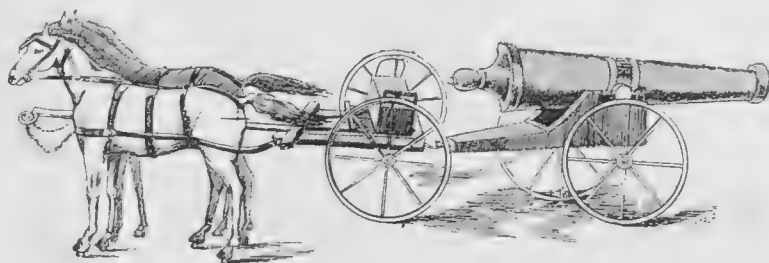
yourself with this very desirable piece of furniture; and, if you want a further recommendation, let me point out to you the presence of a little gallery, at the top of the bookcase, where some pet pieces of china can be displayed to the greatest advantage. On the whole, perhaps this is almost too desirable to pass on to anyone else, unless you are prepared to secure a duplicate for yourself. Or, again, you yourself may be the happy possessor of some generous friends, who may inquire your wishes on the subject of a present. Then you can gently lead them to Hampton's, and this particular writing-bureau, in which case you will, I am sure, be tempted to reverse the old order of things, and affirm that it is distinctly more blessed to receive than to give.

Finally, I must introduce to you the particularly fascinating little curio-cabinet in Chippendale mahogany, with a lining of delicate powder-blue plush to set off the treasures within; while the settee and chair (there is another chair to complete the set) are in soft sage-green striped plush, with mahogany frames, which make them differ distinctively from the

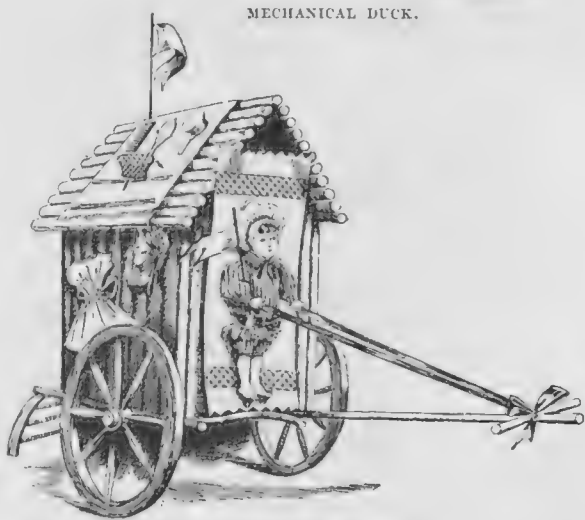
of the golf enthusiasts, and provided for their amusement on winter evenings, when stress of storm and darkness prohibits the usual tramping over hills and valleys—with a little round mahogany table which, when not required to bear the burden of afternoon tea, can have the top removed to reveal a maze of circles and holes, which, I can quite imagine, will be understood by the initiated, but which I, as a non-comprehending outsider, will not attempt to explain, simply contenting myself with informing you of the existence of this parlour golf-table, and the fact that it is only 13s. 6d. This will, doubtless, be all that is necessary. I could go on to tell you of an army of silk-covered down cushions, beginning at half-a-guinea, while some of the newest varieties are in rich brocades, bordered with double frills of plain silk which reproduce the two colours, while the prettiest little double cushions, for hanging over the backs of chairs, are only five shillings, though they are made in brocade frilled with plain silk, and held together by smart satin bows. Or, again, there are eiderdowns from 12s. 6d. to five or six



MECHANICAL DUCK.



GUN-CARRIAGE.



RUSTIC BATHING-MACHINE.



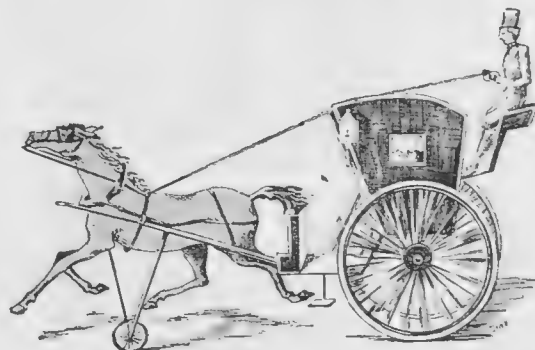
MECHANICAL LADY BICYCLIST.



DOLL'S MAIL-CART.



THE BRIGHTON COACH.



MECHANICAL HANSOM CAB.

## NOVELTIES IN TOYS AT PETER ROBINSON'S.

other and more ordinary members of their family. The curio-cabinet is 58s. 6d., and the settee and chair are more, as you may imagine, while you may like to know that, in the same design, upholstered in French silk tapestry, where a pale-green ground is patterned with delicately tinted floral stripes, the settee is £9 10s., each chair bearing the price of £6 18s. 6d. The suite would be a most acceptable Christmas and wedding present combined to some prospective happy pair, would it not?

So much for the sketches; and now, how can I, without the friendly aid of the illustrations, give you any adequate idea of the charm of a curiously shaped, and withal, comfortable chair, where a design of great yellow roses trails in artistically unconventional fashion over a background of terra-cotta velvet, at a cost of four guineas, while for £6 15s. you can become the happy possessor—or put someone else in this enviable position—of a handsome three-fold screen of cathedral glass and mahogany, with silk of any colour softly pleated at the base to relieve the suggestion of severity?

And Messrs. Hampton have invented something to rejoice the heart

guineas, and table-centres and afternoon tea-cloths in designs varied enough to suit everyone; and as to the prices, surely I have proved to you conclusively and finally that, if you want to be economical this Christmas, or any other time, and yet gratify your taste for the beautiful and artistic, Messrs. Hampton's will suit you exactly.

I could give you many more examples to prove this, but I consider that the grown-up folks have had ample attention, and Santa Claus is yearning to introduce loving mothers, and all relatives and friends of small boys and girls, to his kingdom of toys at Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street, where there is sufficient to fill myriads of stockings, though some would require to be part of the wearing apparel of a giant if they were to contain any of the good things. To begin with, there is a great population of dolls of every imaginable size and rank in life, from the tiny sixpenny and shilling midgets, which still boast of clothes which will take off, to the very superior young lady of goodly proportions who is dressed in the very latest fashion, who walks and talks, and who is the proud possessor of real hair, which can be washed and combed by her youthful owner. The great doll family is wonderfully

well looked after here; it is provided with elaborately furnished houses, of smart exterior, and fitted, moreover, with up-to-date lifts—real, working *lifts*!—and electric bells, while, in the matter of clothes, you can go shopping for Miss Dolly at Peter Robinson's, and supply her with beautifully made articles of clothing, from French kid gloves to the latest style in dresses. As for the boys, there are armies of soldiers, garrisoned in forts or marshalled on board ship; guns and steam-engines, gas-engines and electrical toys; trains which run along perfectly constructed lines, stop in due course at trim little stations, dash through tunnels, and shunt into sidings, as the signals may determine, in a way which would send the average boy into a high fever of delight, while, for the smaller folks still, there are woolly lambs of every size, but all alike rivalling the famous Mary's in the snowy whiteness of their fleece, and any number of soft, cuddleable animals, which are specially constructed to be the harmless playthings of tiny fingers.

In fact, there is everything you can think of, at every imaginable price; but I must no longer delay to tell you the tale of those particular toys which I have had sketched for your guidance, and surely we must give the first place to the "New Woman," who, gorgeous to behold, in a scarlet silk knickerbocker suit, with grey facings and leather belt, all complete, pedals a shining, pneumatic-tyred bicycle, gaily kissing her hand, meanwhile, to the accompaniment of a musical-box. This very advanced lady—who is only one of a very numerous family temporarily domiciled at Peter Robinson's—is, considering all the circumstances, very cheap at forty-five shillings. But perhaps even the toy representative of feminine progress will not find favour in your eyes, and you may prefer to expend three guineas on a wonderful copy in miniature of the Brighton coach, which is perfect in every detail, its four horses covered, you must know, with real skin, and the interior of the coach upholstered in scarlet satin. It will, of course, gain in attraction if you purchase also a little company of gaily attired dolls to fill the seats, but, in any case, it certainly rises above the level of a mere toy, and would be a lasting joy to anyone who was lucky enough to receive it through the good offices of Santa Claus; but, on the other hand, you can get quite an inexpensive mail-cart (9s. 6d.) for some particular dolly, fashioned of bamboo, in the shape of a shell, a worthy occupant being a golden-haired doll, clad in ruby-coloured velvet, with a lace collar and a white chip hat bedecked with diminutive ostrich feathers, her price being only 19s. 6d.

Or dolly may want a change to sea-air; if so, she can surely imagine the ozone, if she is provided with a rustic wicker bathing-machine, fitted up inside in orthodox fashion, even to the presence of a tiny doll in correct bathing-attire, while outside are displayed all the necessary paraphernalia of sponges, comb, looking-glass, towels, and a complete outdoor costume. It is a fascinating toy, and is well worth 19s. 6d., for it would give pleasure which would be cheap at treble that amount.

But you may have to cater for younger children, upon whom, in view of their astonishing capacity for finding the quickest way of breaking anything, it is not advisable to expend too much, therefore the gaily plumaged mechanical duck, which goes through the action of paddling on its stand of green grass and pink-tipped daisies, quacking lustily meanwhile, is a good investment at 11s. 6d., especially as, being fitted with roller wheels, it can be drawn along at will. For 5s. 6d. I venture to affirm that you cannot find a better or more entertaining toy than the little mechanical hansom cab, which actually boasts pneumatic-tyred wheels, cheaper still being a gun-carriage, which will joy the heart of any boy who has visions of being a soldier, by shooting out india-rubber bullets. It is priced at 3s. 11d. and 7s. 11d., according to size, though, of course, when provided with horses it becomes rather more expensive.

Naturally, there are Noah's arks galore, from sixpence upwards, rocking-horses (on safety rockers) from 16s. 6d., and musical-boxes from tenpence to ten guineas—in short, there are stored up the makings of a gloriously happy Christmas for thousands of children, if you all do your part to keep up the traditions of Santa Claus.

And now I have two eminently practical suggestions to make, one that—if you want to give your housemaid a Christmas gift which will prove its value afresh during every succeeding day of the next year, and many to follow, and which will lighten her work considerably, and, at the same time, save your own goods—you should buy her by all manner of means one of those Ewbank Carpet Sweepers, which most people very rightly consider nowadays an absolutely necessary household treasure. You may not know that it is noiseless, and raises no dust, and, as the prices are only 14s. 6d. and 15s. 6d., your gift will not be an expensive one, and will repay the expenditure in a very short space of time. It is the production of Messrs. Entwistle and Kenyon, of Acerington.

The other matter concerns the cook primarily, and secondly everyone who is looking forward to the Christmas pudding, the beloved of all ages. If you send to the manufacturers, Messrs. Hugon and Company, Limited, of Pendleton, they will forward you a sample one-pound box of "Hugon's Refined Beef Suet," together with a book of recipes, analysts' reports, &c.; and after this I venture to prophesy that your larder will always contain a supply of this new and practically invaluable preparation, which, you will be interested to know, is made of specially refined English beef-suet, which will keep fresh and sweet for many months, is very economical, and takes the place of cooking-butter and lard. Best of all, it does away with the wearisome and generally unsatisfactory process of chopping, as it only requires to be flaked with a knife, for which reason alone housewives and cooks should rise up and bless the inventors and manufacturers.

## THEATRE FASHIONS.

In the pleasant consciousness of a duty done, I deserted Santa Claus and all his belongings for the time being, and went to see the new St. James's play, "The Divided Way," and the dresses worn therein. For once in a way—and fortunately, in this case—I was able to give my almost undivided attention to the piece, for the gowns are very simple, though exceedingly pretty—just such dresses, in fact, as an ordinary woman would wear in ordinary everyday life, and, therefore, they add to the realism of this particular performance, though, of course, there are pieces where elaborate dresses are a necessity, and, as a seeker after fashion, I, for one, say long may they flourish! and I am sure you will echo that sentiment.

However, here we have charming simplicity, exemplified, in the case of our sketch, by a dove-grey cloth dress, the plain skirt relieved only by a band of dark-brown fur, and the crossed folds of the softly draped bodice finished in the same way. In these days of high collars, bedecked with bows and buckles, and all manner of furbelows, it is quite a novelty to get a glimpse of the neck, but Miss Millard's pretty white throat is left quite free, just a touch of mellow-tinted lace being drawn loosely round it as an effective background to the fur. Equally simple, but more striking, by reason of its rich colouring, is an evening-dress of ruby-red



MISS EVELYN MILLARD IN "THE DIVIDED WAY."

velvet, the slightly trained skirt being absolutely plain, and the square-cut bodice just draped round the figure, and finished at each side of the corsage with a rosette, the sleeves being slashed open to show the contrasting whiteness of the arm between. It is a dress which could only be worn to advantage by a beautiful woman, so you can imagine how perfectly it becomes Miss Millard.

A mauve cloth gown, with steel buttons on yoke and waistband, and with shoulder-capes of cream guipure over satin, and then a purple crêpon gown of nun-like simplicity, with just a ruffling of real lace at neck and wrist, the cloak to match being of purple cloth with straightly falling fronts, and, at the back, a deep velvet waistband, and the wee cloth-toque trimmed with fur, complete the simple annals of Miss Millard's gowns; and there only remains to be mentioned a striking dress of royal-blue cloth combined with scarlet satin, which is displayed by Miss Lyster. The little coat-bodice boasts of four enamel-and-diamond buttons, and a waistcoat of white satin covered with écu guipure, which glitters with steel sequins, while the cuffs and revers, of scarlet satin, are edged with two narrow rows of steel sequins. And also there is a short, full cape of blue cloth, lined with the red satin, and adorned with appliqué bands of jet, the little toque to match having three black quills thrust jauntily through a satin bow.

And yet, in spite of the simplicity of these dresses, I am open to affirm that, if we could be certain of looking one-half as charming in them as does Miss Millard, we would forthwith become disciples of the severely plain. As, however, this is not quite possible, I do not fancy that Dame Fashion will lose any of her followers.

FLORENCE.



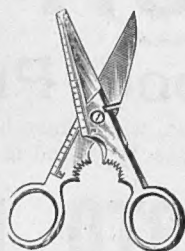
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INVALIDS.**

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ward you a photograph of our  
little boy, taken the day he was  
12 months old. He has been  
brought up on Mellin's excellent  
Food since he was 6 weeks old,  
and I think does credit to it.

Yours faithfully,

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Cases of six and eight years'  
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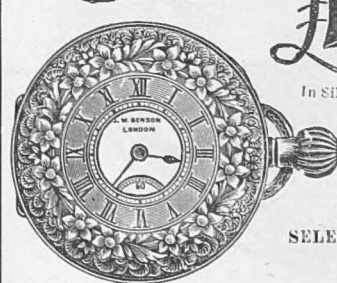
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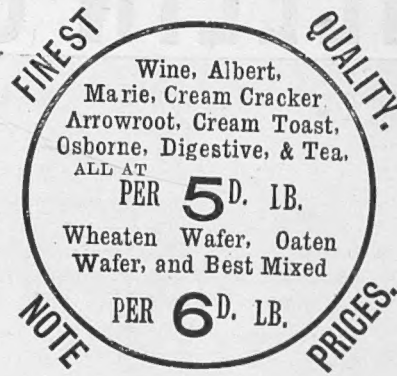
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"I was a dreadful sufferer from Indigestion; no doctors could do me any good. I was afraid to eat anything. Seeing Guy's Tonic advertised I gave it a trial. I began to feel better after the first bottle. I took more till I was quite well, and could eat anything.

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Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the world. It is prepared under the personal supervision of a qualified pharmacist.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 12.*

## THE KAFFIR CONUNDRUM.

The mind of the public can be compared only to a kaleidoscope—a slight turn of the wrist and the whole picture is changed. At one moment the Kaffir Market is all rose-coloured, and nothing can be discovered that is too sanguine in regard to the Rand. In a single day, if some market trouble come along, the point of view changes, and the public can find nothing bad enough to say about the Transvaal and its mines.

When the public first caught on with fury to the idea of the new goldfield, in 1889, it was one of the usual gambles. All that was known was that the yellow metal had been discovered at various points on a wide stretch of Boer territory. This started the customary insane craze, and a "Kaffir boom" was organised in the Stock Exchange. Quotations were rushed up to a laughable level, and then the bubble was burst, with the result that most of the speculators were ruined, and the whole market was discredited. For those who lost their money on that occasion we frankly confess we have little sympathy.

There was no justification in 1889 for the wild "boom" that took place, and, therefore, those who took part in it had only themselves to blame. Yet, curiously enough, the anticipations of the 1889 "bulls" were absolutely correct; but they were a few years too soon—and in speculative matters a few years are an eternity. What these premature buyers were going for has been more than fulfilled, and the only mistake they made was in expecting the fulfilment in a few months instead of a few years. In consequence, however, of the rebuff administered by the 1889 collapse, the development of the Rand was allowed to proceed until nearly the end of 1894 before anyone awoke to the possibilities of the situation. The periodical reports from the mines showed how well that development was proceeding, but the Baring crisis of 1890 had paralysed all activity. The natural effect was that, in 1889 the Rand was regarded as a positive El Dorado, while in 1890-4 it was looked upon as a gin and a snare.

But the views of the public being kaleidoscopic, as we have said, there was bound to be a transformation soon, and it came towards the end of 1894. With a sudden revulsion of feeling, the world again discovered that there was merit in the Rand; and, once the sentiment was started, there was no stopping it. For a whole year the "bulls" had the market all to themselves.

When too many people buy a good thing, the result is hardly less disastrous than when too many people buy a bad thing. In both cases the general desire to sell will cause an equally sharp decline in price (we need only point to the result of speculation in cotton, and wheat, and iron warrants); and the only distinction comes in regarding the point at which the fall will stop.

In this case we think, speaking generally, the article was a good one. Whatever you like to say of the Kaffir Market, the expansion of the Rand has been going on all the same, and, in order to grasp the altered conditions, it is only necessary to glance at the figures of the annual output of gold: 1888, 230,917 oz.; 1889, 379,733 oz.; 1890, 494,801 oz.; 1891, 729,213 oz.; 1892, 1,210,903 oz.; 1893, 1,478,473 oz.; 1894, 2,024,590 oz.; 1895 (to end October), 1,903,989 oz. We beg our readers to remember that, in 1889, prices of Kaffir shares were run up to levels higher in many cases than those reached this year, and then to compare the output of 1889 with that of the current year to date, while bearing in mind that 1895 has seen a severe drought, and a marked shortage in Kaffir labour, owing to the expansion of the industry. Moreover, it must be kept in mind that it is only within the past few months that the additional stamping power has got to work, and that the deep-level crushings have yet to come in.

After an inspection of these figures, it must be obvious that the collapse of 1889 cannot be repeated, for we now stand on a totally distinct level of values. The severe relapse that has taken place has been due to the extravagant way in which the public backed its view that the Rand was a district of vast possibilities. We think the opinion was perfectly correct, but the buying was too sudden and too extensive. Now that a heavy fall has taken place, and that the weak elements in the market have been discarded, one may confidently wait for a gradual—very gradual—revival to a higher level.

No sharp recovery is possible until the market has shaken itself down, and until the political situation is clearer, but the ultimate recovery is inevitable.

## POLITICS AND PRICES.

Speculation is a queer thing, for the merits of popular favourites are about the last thing one has to consider in buying or selling the stocks. The great point to keep in view is, how the popular sentiment promises to flow. We know of one man who made a fortune during the Penjdeh crisis in Afghanistan, when Mr. Gladstone obtained a big war-credit in view of the possibility of a war with Russia, by standing in the fringe of the Foreign Market and rushing over to the Home Railway Market to buy or sell Brighton "A," according as the news to hand from hour to hour was good or bad. While speculators in Russians were making their eighths or sixteenths per cent., he was securing his one per cent. or two per cent. on Berthas, which happened to be the barometer of speculation at the moment. The position of late on the Stock Exchange reminds us of this incident, for the Unspeakable Turk has been master of the situation in British Railways, American Rails, International Securities, South American stocks, Yankees, and, in fact, all round the

House. Such a thing appears incredible; but just as the movements of Brighton "A" in 1884 were the best index to the progress of events in Afghanistan, so the troubles of the Sultan have been faithfully reflected by markets that have no more connection with him than with the Man in the Moon. Whatever checks the cheerfulness of the public causes weakness in stocks, and the sufferings of the Armenians in the East have counteracted all the good influences of improving trade and traffics, cheap money, and reviving speculation.

It is obvious, however, that the effect can be no more than temporary, for an improvement in conditions must inevitably tell in the long run, and an abnormal depression such as the present affords precisely the opportunity that a sharp operator wants for buying stocks cheap. The Turkish matter is an affair absolutely extraneous, unless it involves friction among the Powers. Now, we have been informed, not once, but twice, by the Premier, that the Powers are working in absolute unison, and the statement is confirmed, not only by declarations from the various Chancelleries of Europe, but by the concurrent movements of the fleets towards Turkish waters, not to mention the pitiable appeal of the vacillating Sultan to Lord Salisbury. The political situation may, therefore, be regarded as a factor of no more than passing importance; and the question comes to be—how soon will its importance pass in the mind of the public? To judge this, one must keep in mind how the various markets stand, for the political influence of any particular event depends to a greater extent than the world wots of on the depth to which the Stock Markets are committed. The closer one looks into affairs of politics and war, the more is it borne home that the whole matter hinges on commerce and finance, and so it is in this case.

Now, as a matter of fact, there is only one market—the Mining Market—in which there is any distinctly "bull" account, and, therefore, the effect of the Armenian massacres is only indirect, mainly through Paris. As the political scare has been in progress for fully seven weeks now, the Mining Market has completely changed its character, both in London and in Paris, and has ceased to be a danger through its unwieldiness, so that one may look forward with equanimity to any action likely to be taken by the Powers. Indeed, we may go further than this, and say—speaking from the speculative point of view—that any further paroxysm of the market owing to Continental alarms ought to be welcomed by anybody who wishes to make a speculative investment. The curious situation has been created of improving conditions and, at the same time, a declining market all round.

## HULL AND BARNSELEY.

Why Hull and Barnsley shares should fall is one of those things which nobody can understand. The terms upon which the North-Eastern proposes to take over the road are, 1 per cent. for the first two years, 1½ per cent. for the next two, and, after that, 1½ per cent., with chances of a rise. If it comes off, the shares must be worth 50, and the prospects of the plan going through are certainly better to-day than they were a fortnight ago.

## A WESTERN AUSTRALIAN GROUP.

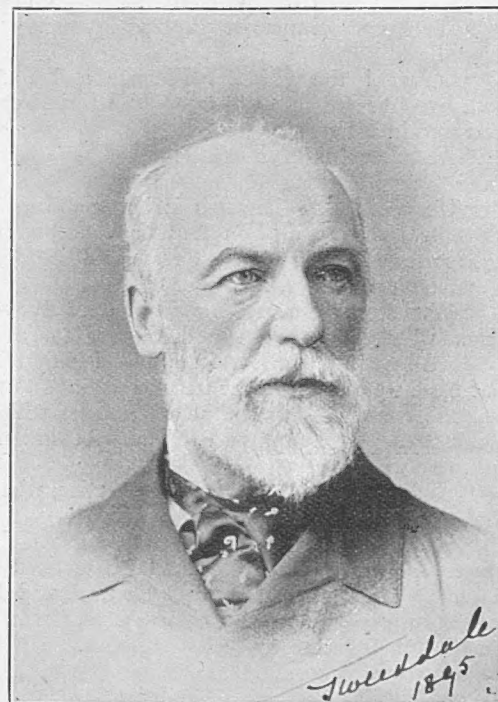
Last week we noticed a group of Western Australian ventures which appeared to us to promise well; but, knowing that there are many other strong combinations who have already promoted promising properties, and are likely to come

again before the public, we called on Mr. Herbert Moir, at 139, Cannon Street, and are able to lay before our readers the latest information with regard to the West Australian Pioneers, the Colonial Finance Corporation, and Hannan's Proprietary Development Company, of all of which Lord Tweeddale is Chairman and Mr. Moir Managing Director.

## INTERVIEW WITH MR. HERBERT MOIR.

"I am very glad to give you the latest information of all our group," said Mr. Moir, as soon as the preliminary greetings were over. "Would you like to know how our companies were formed, and what they have done?"

"That is exactly what we want to place before our readers," we replied; "with the addition of what you are doing, and what you are going to do, Mr. Moir."



THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE.

Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.



"Well, I suppose I had better begin at the beginning, and will ask you to note that I was the founder of the West Australian Pioneers, which was the second company ever formed in this country to do mining business, and exploration work, in Western Australia. We worked in harmony with the West Australian Goldfields, and paid a dividend of 27½ per cent. on our ordinary shares, and 200 per cent. on our founders. The Colonial Finance Corporation came into existence because we wanted an office in Perth, and a man of our own on the Goldfields, so the last-named company was formed, and Mr. George Gray, a mining expert who had twenty years' American experience, was sent out. The directors have the most absolute confidence in Mr. Gray, whom I have known for ten years."

"Yes. And what did Mr. Gray say when he got there?"

"He condemned the whole place, and telegraphed that he was about to leave for Tasmania to look at some tin-mines, but he was persuaded to go to Hannan's and Menzies, where, no sooner had he arrived, than he changed his tone, and declared that he had never seen such a rich gold-formation in the world."

"The next thing was to secure some properties, I suppose?"

"Yes; and, as the ultimate outcome, Mr. Gray obtained for the two companies he represented the five hundred acres which we sold to Hannan's Proprietary Development Company, and through which all the principal lode formations of the district pass."

"And what are you doing in the way of work, Mr. Moir?" we asked.

"Well, we have two hundred men at work, and several shafts down over a hundred feet. On the Queen of the West Block there is a lode

opened up ten feet wide, and carrying splendid gold. We have on the ground a complete mining-camp of our own, with tents to lodge the men, and every requisite for carrying on the work."

"And what policy do you intend to follow with this gigantic property, Mr. Moir?"

"We propose to develop the various leases, and, as the value of each is proved by shafts and levels, we shall form subsidiary companies to carry on the work, reserving, in each case, a large interest for Hannan's Proprietary. We think this the only proper course to pursue."

"And will the 'Queen of the West' be the first block floated off?"

"I really must not tell you all our secrets, but I think I may say the Queen of the West will probably not be the first."

"Have your companies got any interests outside mining in Western Australia?"

"Oh yes! the Colonial Finance and the Pioneers have valuable town sites at Hannan's, and freehold land in Perth which has enormously increased in value since we bought it."

"And now you have sold your five hundred acres, are your companies going to acquire more mines?"

"Oh yes! New business is being offered every day, and, at this moment, we have a deal on foot for four hundred and fifty acres about eight miles south-east of the Great Boulder."

"And as to water, Mr. Moir?"

"Well we have a valuable right over five square miles of Hannan's Lake, where, even in the driest season, a plentiful supply can be obtained by sinking a few feet; but I may tell you Mr. Gray believes that fresh water will, in the end, be pumped to the fields from some point near the coast, and that the Government will probably float a loan of £3,000,000 for the purpose. The speculation would, Mr. Gray feels sure, pay well."

"And, apart from your own properties, what does Mr. Gray tell you of the rest of Hannan's?"

"He has not said much about other people's properties lately, but when he first reached the field he advised us that Great Boulder, Hannan's Brown Hill, Hannan's Reward, and Hannan's Oroya were all sure to turn out well, and, in those days, Great Boulders could have been bought for fourteen shillings a share! The properties owned by the Associated Gold-Mines Mr. Gray has also a high opinion of."

"What about Menzies, Mr. Moir?"

"We do not own any claims there, but we know that many valuable leases exist in that district; and Mr. Gray has a splendid opinion of several mines there."

"And have you ever been in the Colonies yourself?" we asked.

"Oh yes! I have had four years' experience in Australia, and have seen life in Western Texas, so that I am pretty well acquainted with

Colonial ways, and such knowledge comes in very usefully to the managing director of Western Australian mining and exploration companies, I can tell you."

"Well, Mr. Moir, we must not take up all your time, but we suppose you believe generally in the golden future of Western Australia?"

"Of course I do," was the prompt response. "We shall see as much gold come out of West Australia as has been produced by all the Eastern Colonies put together, and at Hannan's alone within a few years there will be six or seven thousand men at work." And so we took our leave.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. A.—Your answer, and several others, had to be cut out last week for want of space. Any of the first-class companies will do what you want. Write for rates to the Imperial, Old Broad Street, the North British, the Scottish Widows Fund, or the Equitable (opposite the Mansion House), and purchase in the cheapest.

WILL.—We know nothing against the people you name. See the last answer in our issue of Nov. 20, to which you may add Wealth of Nations or Bonanzas.

A. D.—(1) We don't think much of the investment. You had far better try some Robinson Diamonds if you want a *bond fide* gamble with every prospect of a splendid result. (2) We hear magnificent accounts of this property at Menzies, but we have not the same means of testing the truth as at Hannan's.

H. F. D.—We only send private replies in accordance with Rule 5 of our Correspondence Rules, published in the first issue of each month. You cannot have read our remarks about Rand Mines with much care, or you would have seen that the lowest price touched is far above your means according to your own account, and that you cannot invest £10 in the concern.

J. J. L. M.—(1) The statutory meeting has not been held. (3) We fear you have made a bad speculation. (4) We really cannot say how soon dividends may be expected, but don't forget that "blessed are they who expect little." The only information we can get is that the managing director (Mr. Hammond) has gone out. The addresses you give represent different ways of expressing the same building, which is a veritable "rabbit-warren."

D. S.—We have no recollection of publishing such a list. Write to one of the law papers, and ask the same question.

FACTA.—(1) We think you are safe to get paid if you make a profit, but that you have very little chance of ever doing such a thing. (2) Don't deal with them. You need not pay for what you buy if you deal with members of the Stock Exchange; but, of course, you must pay your differences each account. We should hold Norfolk and Western pref., but it is a matter of opinion.

WILL.—We are not sweet on any of the six things you name. The assessment on No. 1 will probably be 10 dollars. No assessment is to be feared on No. 2. It is impossible for us to tell you whether all the shares have been allotted or not; if you pay a shilling in each case and search the registers—hours upon hours of work—you might find out.

E. T. A.—(1) Don't touch this affair; it is one of the wreckage companies from the Hansard Union. (2) Very good. (3) Ditto. (4) More speculative. (5) Very good for a share yielding high interest, but liable to the risks of trade. Substitute Bovril for No. 1, and New York Brewery 6 per cent. debentures for No. 4. Buy also Ely Brothers, Linoleum Manufacture, and Linotype shares.

HOP.—We advise you to buy Mount Margaret shares. The markets are very weak and jumpy, but we believe the company has real merits.

L. O. S.—(1) Sweetmeat Automatic shares are very good, and yield a high rate of interest, but you must not expect the safety of Consols. (2) The Linotype Company is, we hear, on the best authority, doing splendid business, and we know of very powerful buying. (3) Bonanzas or Randfonteins would suit you. (4) We expect both Barnato Banks and Consolidated will see higher prices directly the market settles down.

C. C. H.—We hope you have received our private letter, posted on Nov. 21.

NO DOUBT.—(1) All rubbish, except Menzies Estates. (2) Very doubtful. (3) We cannot say more than appears in our "City Notes." If we knew, we should make our own fortunes, and then tell everybody else. (4) We always thought it was a swindle. (5) We would not touch them.

DOMINUS.—Yes. We prefer the Provident Life.

HABET.—It is a first-class, honest affair, and you will get a run for your money, but it came out at a very unfortunate time. If you want a good mining speculation to hold, there is as good a chance of its turning out well as of the majority of the Rhodesia concerns; but this is not the time of day for premium-hunters.

F. R. H.—Your list is very good. Substitute Bovril shares for No. 4.

BEGINNER.—(1) We don't know any paper you can trust which comes out often enough, but, above all, avoid the advice of the Sunday ones. (2) We really can't imagine how you are to tell. (3) If you follow your idea, you will certainly lose your money three times out of every four. (4) We would not touch one of these with the longest barge-pole. (5) You had far better buy proved things, and be content with less profit. Read our Answers to Correspondents, and follow the advice given to others.

CARRIGEN.—(1) Yes. (2) A wild gamble. (3 and 4) Possibly, but times are very unpropitious.

SNUFF-BOX.—You seem to have acted with the utmost prudence as regards Morgan. If at any time you want a solicitor to deal with such people, we will recommend the right man to you. Your telegram prevents the necessity at this moment.

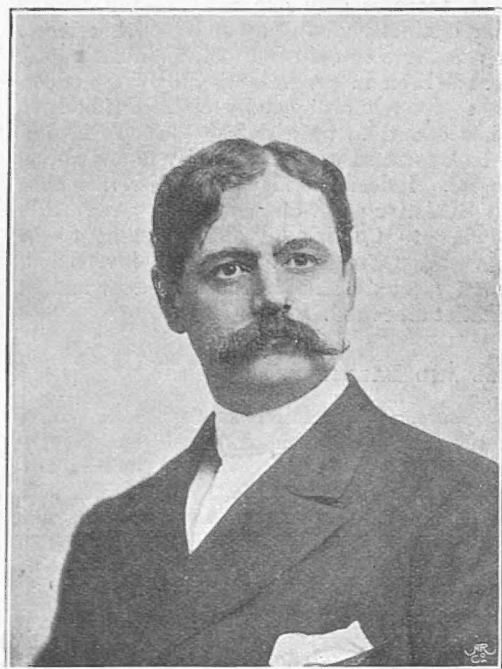
COLONIAL.—(1) We have not the least idea. A search at Somerset House would tell, but we really cannot spend half a day over it for nothing. (2) Yes, price about 22s. (3) The official list of the Stock Exchange can be obtained from F. Mattheson and Co., Copthall Avenue, by paying. We prefer Professor Nicholas's opinion of the mine you mention, especially as he writes to private friends and is on the spot. We shall see what the crushing shows. It is to begin on Dec. 1, we hear.

J. G.—We hardly like to advise any purchase at this moment. We think (1) good, (2) ditto, but a medium of enormous gambling, and therefore dangerous. You would either make a quick profit or an equally rapid loss. (3) Thought well of in the market. (4) We really don't know much about it. (5) Don't like it. (6) Not our sort of lock-up. We publish the Correspondence Rules in the first issue of each month.

J. M.—We hope you have received our private answer, posted on Nov. 22.

C. H. B.—We don't think, because you are interested in the slate trade, you need trouble about concerns like the Harberton Slate Quarries, or the South Larcombe, or the Kingsbridge, to which we have at different times alluded. See answer to "Devon," on Nov. 6 last, and several answers last summer.

J. M. (New Ross).—We posted to you on Nov. 23, and hope you have got the letter.



MR. HERBERT MOIR.